Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1839.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The only report of the Florence (Ala.) Races we received last season; was published on the 16th of Feb. last, page 421. It was from "Snaffle"—are you "fly" to that "Artful Dodger?"

W. C. B.'s favor and offer are gratefully acknowledged.

Fordham's friends will take 2 to 1 he wins the great four mile play or pay stakes of $8000, to come off at the Second Spring Meeting, (1st Tuesday in June,) on Long Island. No offer under $6000 cash will be attended to. The three alluded to by W. C. B. *will* "shine in that crowd" he speaks of; the filly he refers to will be matched against any 3 year old in the Union, four mile heats, and though now half way to N. O., will most likely be ordered "bock agin." A 2 yr. old out of the lot has already been sold for $3000, and the filly Col. B. wishes is for sale at $3500—D. at $4000, and T. M. at $1500.

Half a dozen correspondents desire to know if there are any *first rate* young Henrys, Barefoot's, Shark's and Trustee's, at the North, and remark that they wish to purchase, but have no idea of giving over three or four hundred dollars *for any 2 yr. old!* To save trouble we beg to inform them, one and all, that any 2 yr. old they can purchase here for any such sum, would not be worth taking away. We are constantly annoyed with ridiculous letters of this kind, when it is perfectly notorious that the produce of half a dozen brood mares on Long Island are bespoke for $1500, at six months old. A 2 yr. old not worth $1000 is not worth having; a thorough bred Bull will bring that sum. Moreover there are not more than two hundred brood mares of fashionable blood owned north of Mason and Dixon's Line, but the produce of the few that are, is not to be bought for a song. There are fifteen or twenty 3 yr. olds within as many miles of this office, that could not be purchased much under $5000 each.

The "Notices" of the stallions of "*our friend*" will be published as *advertisements*, if desired.

To Col. Whetstone:—Your Canes, friend Pete, have not "arriv." Come on yourself, and take Carolina in your way. There is "a talk" of sending you as Minister to England, as "the most desertless and fit man" between June and Jericho. Go it, while you're young.

The correspondence furnished by G. P. shall have a place one of these days.

J. L.'s letter to Messrs. T., London, was received and forwarded. I. is stilll in training, but we hope Lord C. may be induced to send her to this country.

The Table of WINNING HORSES at THREE MILE HEATS is now ready, and will appear next week. We propose to give an original Table every other week, until the series is complete.

Mr. WILLIAM A. COLMAN, bookseller, 205 Broadway, is the American Agent for the publishers of the "*Sporting Review*," edited by "Craven." Orders enclosing $10 will be attended to promptly.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 33, 1839.

ODDS AND ENDS.

To our Exchange Papers.—On another page (the 33d) of this paper will be found a Prospectus of the present volume of the Spirit of the Times. The attention of exchange papers is called to it, and they are requested to give it an insertion in their columns. Our exchange list has been recently much curtailed, but it is still large and expensive. In very many cases it is of little actual use, and is continued only because we dislike parting with old friends. The difference in price between this paper and the vast majority of papers received at our office, we desire should be made up to us by giving publicity to our prospectus. Many have offered to pay the difference in cash, but we do not choose to exact such terms of any paper on our *present* list, to all of which the present volume will be forwarded, so long as we can see the prospectus inserted.

That we might not deprive the general reader of his usual quantity of matter, by the press of our advertisements, we have omitted this week a page of advertisements to give *one* insertion to our own. Next week they shall be restored.

Augusta—The materials for the long promised memoir of this lady have at last reached us, and it will be published next week. We shall be able to give a sketch of the life of the fair danseuse, from the very cradle upwards, with notices of contemporary artists of distinction. Theatrical readers may look for something "new and nice."

Guessing.—The following is from the New York Spirit of the Times:—"It will be good news, *if true* to all play-goers, that a distinguished and beautiful tragic actress, who some years since married an American gentleman of fortune, and retired from the stage, is about to re-appear upon it. However we may deplore the misfortunes which have led to this result, and sympathise with the feelings of the lady, yet nothing could afford more pleasure to those fond of the theatre, than again to greet her in a line of characters in which she was unrivalled. It is supposed she is engaged at the National, next season."

[Whether rich or poor, we should suppose that it would be difficult to restrain Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler from returning to the stage. One who has received so much popular applause as she, can scarcely live without it. As an authoress, she has not acquired much distinction. The stage is her only road to eminence, and whether the above item is authorized or not, it is quite probable that Mrs Butler will, sooner or later, return to the stage.]

We cut the above from the Boston "Centinel," the editor of which has not displayed his accustomed Yankee shrewdness in *his* guess. We can imagine nothing that would afford pleasure so unalloyed, as the return of Mrs. Butler to the stage, and should therefore hardly lament any event which might induce her to take such a step. But it is a vain and idle hope, and we must be content with cherishing the memory of her glorious personations—the most brilliant and effective ever witnessed in America. Our Boston friend underrates the literary talents of the author of the "Journal"—which was an odd compound of a gossipping diary, shrewd reflections on politics, and vivid descriptions of scenery. We always buy the "Journal" when we go up the North River, as a certain and appropriate antidote to the *ennui* of a long summer's day voyage. We rely with confidence upon the belief that the literary career of its author has yet only commenced.

Augusta would seem to have hit the Southerners quite as well as was expected. They call her a Goddess,—some Diana, some Venus, and *one* "the Aurora of the air." The Picayune discourseth of her with such truth as well as beauty, that we snip from it a short paragraph.

"MADAME AUGUSTA. The performances of this lady will surprise and delight all who witness them. She goes through the *Bayadere* with less exertion and less apparent fatigue than any of her rivals. Her range is not so extensive as that of Celeste, but she is like a fairy within its ring—a creature of infinite grace and power. Her dancing is the poetry of the story—her attitudes are its pictures. She is beautifully formed,

> Waisted like Hebe; and with Dian's step,
> As she, with sandals newly laced, would rise
> To hunt the fawn through woods of Thessaly.

Nature has been bountiful also in giving her a fine eye, and a face so full of intelligence and expression that she can pourtray perfectly the different passions of love, hope, joy and despair. We trust that when she appears the houses will be fully attended. Certainly no father of a family can object to let his sons or daughters be witness of a style of dancing in which a union of activity and grace is combined with the most winning modesty."

Less is said of her in the "*Pages of the Duke of Vendome*," than jumps with our taste. We thought her, as that page, the perfection of beauty and grace. It may be that the clever fellow pages were not so comely as the corresponding supernumeraries of our Park company. And even among these we observed one or two pairs of limbs too lean and lank like,—absolute *shanks*. When will Augusta be home again? We are eager to see her, to discover whether she has grown away from the delineation of her features, which we gave in our paper a fortnight since.

Boz.—A very capital lithograph of Boz has just been published in town, from the London original. It is full of spirit and beauty, and executed in quite a new style of lithography. BROWN is the name of the artist, and he has acquired credit by this production; as he is still very young, we anticipate for him a yet more distinguished name.

City Hotel.—This time-honored house, once the only fashionable resort of strangers in this city, has recently passed into the hands of GARDENER & Co. Extensive improvements have been made in the arrangements of the house, and it will henceforth be kept in its old style. Absence from town prevented us from joining in the festivities with which the proprietors commenced their enterprize. We wish them entire success.

New Music.—Atwill has just published a variety of new music. We are so busy rehearsing it for the next City Hotel Concert, that we have not time even to enumerate the songs. At Atwill's the ladies will find all new music, published in becoming style.

The artist, Mr. E. D. MARCHANT, who is so favoraby spoken of by Mr. Hammond, the veteran Editor of the Cincinnati Daily Gazette, in an editorial article in that paper, which we in part copy below, has been long known here, and we are gratified to find that his works are so well appreciated in the West. Being only twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of age, we look forward to his further career as full of promise. He is a native of the island of Martha's Vineyard, and in early life enjoyed the friendship of Stuart; by whose advice Mr. M., then a mere youth, was induced to engage in the study of his profession. Without any of the advantages of wealth or patronage, indeed in the face of a heavy burder, he has won his way to an eminence among our artists of which he may well be proud; illustrating, in this respect, one of the characteristics of the American mind. To excellence in his profession, Mr. M. unites the merit of possessing a fine moral character. After remaining in this city seven or eight years, he proceeded last year to the West, and will return with some fine portraits of the distinguised Statesmen of that quarter, which he is gathering as the ornaments of his studies. He is now at Nashville.

"We publish to day, a communication commending sundry young gentlemen of our city who are distinguishing themselves in different departments of the fine arts. We join heartily in giving eclat to these performers wherever they may be. And we conceive this makes a proper occasion to name an artist nf no ordinary pretensions, who has spent the last summer in Cinncinnati, and, in quiet retirement, practised his profession as a portrait painter. We allude to Mr. Marchant of New York. This gentleman has taken portraits of several of our citizens, male and female. We may name the Rev. Mr. Brooke, whose portrait is taken for Christ's Church, and a lithograph for the members of the congregation. The execution commends both to general approbation.

"Mr. Marchant brought with him to our city a portrait of Mr. Ewing, painted at Lancaster, last winter, which has elicited the applause of every one who has seen it. The artist visited Mr. Clay last summer, who sat for him at Ashland.—He has produced an excellent likeness of Mr Clay: the very best—the most true to reality—the most just to Mr. Clay that has ever been made. The friends of Mr. Clay should insist upon its being lithographed for general circulation Mr. Marchant has also completed a most superior portrait of Gen. Harrison, and one of Doctor Beecher. He has sought no newspaper commendations—no puffs or any thing resembling them, but has labored in modest retirement. This notice is made without his knowledge, and seemed, in my judgment, due to him, when we were called to speak faborably of our own artists laboring abroad, as at home.

The Corsair.—The first number of this journal was published on Saturday last. In its external appearance,—shape, paper, typographical arrangement,—it is very beautiful; in size, it is nearly the same as the "Albion," though folded once more and therefore containing twice the number of pages. In this particular, it resembles several famed London periodicals, but the "Spectator" more than all. The type is not unlike that upon which we print, and the paper appears the same, and therefore in these particulars it is nearly perfect.

This is but the shell of the nut,—pass we to the kernel. "The Corsair" is just such a journal as a gentleman of taste would like for his Sunday morning's perusal. To the uninitiated in literature it is of course useless, but every scholar who would relieve himself from the constraint of study, by looking for a moment at the literary news of the day, and every man of the world who would glance cursorily into the world of letters, will find in the "Corsair" the materials for his purpose. Literary criticism, notices of the stage, extracts from English literature, translations from the French and German, bright gems of poetry, original tales, with remarks upon incidents of society and fashion,—these constitute the staple from which the "Corsair" is made up.

The first number is almost entirely original, in this particular, showing rather of what the Editors are capable of doing when thrown upon their own resources, than what it is their purpose to make the Corsair when it shall get fairly to sea. We have before alluded to the selection of a name for our new contemporary;—in all its appointments it preserves a corresponding propriety. It is a trim built schooner, with a hull in the true clipper style, and its rigging is of a classic model. Mr. Willis is the Commander of the craft,—distinguished for wit, close observation, originality of thought, and affluence of diction. He works with true gusto upon his new enterprise, and wonld seem to be pouring the accumulated thought of years into the pages of the Corsair. And there is another high in command aboard this saucy cruiser, whom we cannot leave with indifference. His sheet must speak for his taste, and his shrewdness,—we may be allowed to speak of the generosity of his nature;—in the fine qualities of heart, the manliness of his nature, and his downright honesty of purpose, the readers of the Corsair have a guarantee for its fairness, its independence, and its spirit. It may be unbecoming in us to say thus much, but as we feel that the readers of the "Spirit" will readily pardon us for the sake of one who has often scribbled for their amusement, we could not say less.

Tho' the Prospectus of the Corsair would indicate that the Editors rely entirely upon selections from foreign literature and their own writings, yet we recognise in their columns the pens of several clever contributors,—of one especially whom our own readers delight to honor. When he has seen this new craft well under way, we shall look for him home again, unable quite to bear the permanent loss of one distinguished for his discernment, his wit, and his rich and flowing style of composition.

The "Corsair" is published in the Astor House, over the way, No. 8.—The subscription price is $5 per annum in advance,—and the mail is the best possible mode of communicating with the Editors.

A lady, piqued by Johnson's scrupulous advocacy of truth, once asserted that little variations in narrative must happen a thousand times a-day, if one is not perpetually watching—*Johnson*—"Well, madam, and you *ought* to be perpetually watching. It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world."

March of BARBEROUS Intellect.—A hairdresser in Bedford, who sometimes exercises his ingenuity in stuffing *dead* birds and animals, has lately been inspired with a touch of the sublime. He has had a large board affixed on the front of the house, bearing in striking letters, "Preserver of *animated* nature!!"

Hard Logic.—At an anti-corn-law meeting in Aberdeen last week, one of the ultras remarked as follows:—"In my opinion, our success in the struggle for universal suffrage depends much upon the amount of our suffering." A voice in the crowd called out—"Increase the suffering, then,"—which elicited much laughter.

Two Gentlemen at Once.—A conceited actor boasted of the number of characters he had played in one evening. "I have seen you play two characters at once," said a sock and buskin brother. "What were they?" inquired the former, "Why, you attempted the character of *Caspar*, and played the Devil with it," replied the latter.

When Jack Bannister was acting in one of his least popular characters, a critic in the gallery threw an orange at him: without interrupting the scene, Bannister took it up, turned it round, and saying, "Humph; it is not a *Seville* orange!" kicked it contemptuously away.

"Zounds, fellow!" exclaimed a choleric old gentlemen to a very phlegmatic matter of fact person, "I shall go out of my wits," "Well, you won't have *far* to go," said the phlegmatic man.

A freethinker once said to Rabbi Gabiha, "ye fools who believe in a resurrection, see ye not that the living die? how can you believe that the dead shall live?"—"Silly man!" repiied Gabiha, "thou believest in a creation,—well then, if what never existed, exists; why may not that which once existed, exist again?"

MR. MATHEWS' WORK ON AMERICA.

AN AUTUMN IN AMERICA, or *How do you like our Country?* By CHARLES MATHEWS, Comedian. Illustrated with Etchings on steel from Designs by the Author. London, Colburn, New Burlington street, 1839. 2 vols. 8vo.

Our files of papers by the last packet, the North America, were singularly meagre; indeed her day of sailing was not many hours later than that of the last steam packet. But we are indebted to the kind attention of an English friend for a few sheets from the forthcoming Journal of Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS, and give a couple of chapters this week. We have a shrewd suspicion that the sheets must have been surreptitiously obtained, and on this account we would not make use of them were we in England, but as it is impossible for Mr Mathews to obtain any emolument from the sale of his work in America, owing to our defective law of copy-right, it cannot affect him seriously, to anticipate the publication of his book. It will be observed that Mr. Mathews makes allusion to the stories current here as to his ill-bred conduct in sending his servants to the public table of a hotel: and we even think he convicts himself of an unworthy subterfuge in representing, as he did in his great benefit-speech, that no such occurrence had taken place at *Saratoga* or *Niagara*. Catskill, it appears, was the place where he actually gave such offence, Barring this blemish, the Journal is not uninteresting.

"And is it a book you want?" quoth Tyrone Power; "and faith ye shall have one—a broth of a book—blarney soup—that shall tickle yer tastes and smother ye with joy."

And Tyrone *did* write a book, so excruciatingly complimentary, that it produced the strange effect of raising a blush on the cheek of Brother Jonathan. Power was right: the Yankees wanted more "Groves of Blarney," and he wanted more—dollars.

But *my* book—Charles Mathews, comedian—*my* travels—*my* autumn in America;—readers, gentle and ungentle, this side the salt water and the other, if you think I intend following the steps of my aforenamed friend, I rather suspect you will be a little mistaken. In a few short words, the Americans insulted *me*, and I am determined to show them up. Their impertinence is unbearable, for it is perfectly farcical, that persons who reverence the memory of Washington, should for one moment hesitate in offering tributes of admiration to the transcendant virtues of my wife—"*my* wife, sir," and it is *more* than *farcical*, it is tragi-comical, that the natives of the land of *liberty* should not *have felt* more for *my* wife, who has always been a great encourager of the *liberties* of man. Nor was I less indignant during the whole of "my autumn," that the ladies of New York did not call on us. Why did they not? They were afraid the elegance of my beloved Eliza's manners would expose the grossness of their's. They forgot, perhaps, that she has *associated* with the Claggetts, the Finsbury Toms, the De Meley Castlereaghs, the handsome Jacks, and dozens of very high standing, and might be considered *equal* to any Yankee-doodle. But it was spite—all spite—they envied the quality of my wife's cold cream—her carmine—her French chalk, and most of all, her "disturbance." Did they ever see it laid on so tastefully? No. Did they ever see eyebrows so magnificently corked? Never. Could all their dollars purchase such bunches of ringlets? Not a bit of it: all spite—jealousy; the Americans are a very jealous set, the women worse than the men.

* * * * *

We embarked on board the Great Western steam-ship, and boiled across the Atlantic with delightful rapidity; comfortable we were not—Eliza kept her room *almost* the whole time: she was very sick—it was to her a "sic transit." We landed on Monday and a "glorious Monday" it was. We ceased to be half suffocated by steam, quite blackened by smoke, a little annoyed by much that was dirty, and a great deal disgusted with unhappy smells. It was soon known in New York that *we* had arrived, and the steps of the hotel were crowded to see us descend. The rude intensity with which everybody looked at "*my wife*" caused me to say to her that this was more like Broad *stares* (near Ramsgate) than New York. She simpered, and said she thought so too. I meant it for a pun, and I rather think she took it. We went up stairs into a hotel as big as the Kremlin at Moscow, and were shown into a neat parlor. In a few minutes one of the proprietors waited on us; he was a genteel young man, with a very good-natured countenance; his name I forget—it sounds like Stilson, or Smithson; at all events, it begins with an S, and ends with an N, so it's all the same. "What's in a name?"—Shakspeare. He knew my father, and therefore was welcome to me—he had shaken hands with him, and I doubled the energy of my grasp. I ordered dinner, and he told me I should have it in twenty minutes. There, again, the recollection of my sainted sire vibrated through my frame: He always said that everything in America was done in twenty minutes, and I found it exactly so. We landed in twenty minutes from the time we rounded the Battery—a coach bore us to the hotel in twenty minutes, and in twenty minutes we were to take our first transatlantic meal. Sea air may be all very fine, but for appetite, give me land air, and the quarters of an arm-chair, in preference to rocking in a storm, with rocks in perspective. Mrs. M. and myself demolished all we ordered for dinner, and like the unfortunate Oliver Twist, we asked for more. It came, and *went*. Two hours had now elapsed since our instalment, and no public demonstrations. I thought this strange—particularly strange;—perhaps the Mayor was out of town, or gone fishing with the aldermen, or shooting with the judges. Up to eight o'clock, not one of the public functionaries had called or sent a card. I determined to wait *twenty minutes*, and then go to bed, which I did. Eliza looked unusually bewitching that night, and as we were performing the toilette, we indulged in endearments towards each other, such as unlacing a boot—unpinning a cravat—unhooking and untying, we discoursed affectionately on * * * * * * * * How she blushed!—how she *did* blush!—the allusion struck a chord in her heart—she threw her arms round my neck, wetted both my cheeks with kisses, and exclaimed, "Charles, for shame!" The scene was too much for me;—we put on our night-caps.——

Tuesday morning, Aug. 6th.

Arose at 9—ordered breakfast—demolished ditto—conversed with the young man with a good-natured countenance, who gave me some valuable information about things in general—put on my dressing gown to receive Simpson, the manager of the Park theatre, who, being a most punctual man, entered the room as the hour of ten was striking. Took a full view of Simpson—looked more like a monk than a manager—dry subject—a little brusque—came to the point, and told us we could not appear for a month, as Tyrone had possession of the boards and the public. Good—no hurry. Simpson advised me to go up the river a bit, until he was ready to open us; "And," says Simpson, who, by the bye, is a very candid man, "if you allow the people to see Madame off the stage, they may feel no desire to see her on it." Pretty plain; well done, Mr. Simpson, perhaps he meant it as a compliment—perhaps he didn't. Exit Simpson.

Broiled or embroiled may almost be considered the same thing—both equally disagreeable. To us they were the Scylla and Charybdis. We quitted New York to avoid the former, and became the victims of the sister danger. More steam. The Dewitt Clinton received us on board, with 400 other passengers. N. B. The North river steamers can accommodate about 150 comfortably, and are, of course, justified in carrying from four to five hundred. They allow *twenty minutes* for meals.

Wednesday.

We arrived safely at the Mountain-house. Landlord too civil by half—mistook our two servants for the aristocracy, and handed them in to dinner at the public table. They, poor devils, thought it was all right—a free country, where all are equal—where ladies and tinkers, barbers and barristers, merchants and milliners, all eat, drink, and sleep together! Talk of morals!—Humph!—Got tired of Catskill—everybody shy of us—monstrous queer. It was not so with Fanny Kemble and her pa—they were "called upon," asked out and fed. What the devil do the damned Yankees want?—we're married, regularly married—it was in the London papers—there can be no mistake about it. If they intend to take a *retrospective* view, they may——

Eliza not so well to-day—a little qualmish in the morning—no appetite for breakfast—one of her eyes languish a bit—had my suspicions—looked 'em—she responded, "Oh! my!"

* * * * *

Arrived at the Exchange Hotel, Poughkeepsie—kept quiet—not annoyed by intruders—stayed three weeks, and found my suspicions confirmed. Sweet Eliza! We rambled about the shores of the Hudson, each enjoying a different prospect: her's was of the gigantic and unrivalled scenery about the Highlands, mine—of becoming a father. We were happy, too happy; I felt as if I was in Neuha's cave, or Calypso's grotto, or Curzon-street, May Fair, or the Saloon in Piccadilly.

Early in September we returned to New York, and took apartments at the Globe Hotel, in Broadway. Several persons connected with the press called; also a nondescript, with two wigs, one upon his upper lip, and the other upon his chin: this style of face was becoming very fashionable in New York. I have stated before that the female part of the community had abstained from visiting my beloved Eliza. This was the rule; there was an exception or two, and I conceive it my duty to immortalize, in "my Autumn," those worthy individuals who had the courage to think for themselves.—(*Vide* Marryat.) Madame Western (the lady after whom the great steamer is named) frequently visited my wife, bringing with her a couple of her nieces; they were not prejudiced against us—not they. Then, again, a lady of Irish extraction, Mrs. O'Gallagher, who entertains the best society at her house, was unremitting in her attentions, and Mrs. Abimires, the wife of a Spanish professor, took every opportunity of patronizing Mrs. M.

On the 17th September, we made our debut, of which I shall speak fully hereafter. I was well received; but when Eliza came forward, a stream of hisses proceeded from a half dozen painted and chalked Cyprians in the third tier, which was, however, soon suppressed. Jealousy again—jealous of my wife—all spite. Did not I say the Americans are a jealous people? And does not this prove it? Of course it does.—(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES OF THE PRAIRIES.

An inhabitant of the older portions of our country, who has been surrounded all his life by the appliances and comforts of civilization; who has always seen around him an enclosed and cultivated country; or whose course has been through the streets of a proud and populous city, can form no idea of the feelings with which a rambler in our western wilderness watches the first approaches of civilized man. As he sees the log hut timidly intrude itself upon the edges of the almost boundless waste, joined from time to time by others, "comrades in daring," till the *settlement* soon shows itself an appropriate and picturesque shore to the "sea of verdure." The log hut gives place to the more roomy and substantial dwelling. Neater enclosures, more capacious barns and outbuildings, convert the rugged and poverty-stricken settlement into the thriving *neighborhood*, where the gain-loving New Englander, the plodding German, the burly Englishman, and the hospitable Kentuckian, find themselves in a most unlooked for proximity, striving in all brotherly love for the same ends—the improvement of the country, and the bettering of their condition. Or as a promising point on one of the rivers is seized upon before his eyes, as a "coin of vantage" by some far-sighted speculator, and the town (passing with a marvellous rapidity of transformation, from a straggling collection of hovels standing in "looped and repaired wretchednes") overleaps all the immediate stages, and before the stumps of the primeval forest have decayed from its streets, becomes a city, with its churches, its stores, its hotels, and its banks. All of these things, and more, has many a man seen who would be as unwilling as the writer to have it supposed that he could look back upon a *long* period of observation. I rambled all night, not many summers since, in search of shelter, over and in the vicinity of a spot which is now occupied by one of the largest-sized country towns. And a friend and myself, on an exploring expedition, once made our head-quarters at a ferry-man's hut, then the only tenant of the ground, which is now covered by a city numbering two thousand inhabitants. Now, though it is very true that in the same space of time many of our larger cities may have added ten times as many to their population, still in this case it is emphatically *le premier pas qui coute*; and the adding of a few squares of brick and mortar to the mass already cumbering the earth, can never produce the same emotions as those with which we witness the first successful efforts of the pioneer. We calculate the value in dollars and cents of every new house erected in the city, and it figures in the assessor's list as so much added to the sum total of the taxable property. The rent adds a few hundreds, or thousands, to the income of the owner, and there is an end of it. But we cannot see the humble village springing up in the wilderness, without having our sympathies interested in behalf of those who are thus, amid difficulties and embarrassments, extending the confines of civilization, and but too often laboring only for posterity; building for others to inhabit; working for others to enjoy; sowing for others to reap. After the way has been once shewn, the path once opened, the same interest no longer attaches itself to those who follow.

If the contemplation of a progress such as I have been portraying be interesting to one who feels no further concern than that of a spectator, what must be the feelings of the man who, standing in the door of his own house, the labor of his own hands, on his farm which he took at the hand of nature, can look out upon a landscape dotted with farms and cottages, of each and all of which he can say, "I mind the bigging of it," who can look upon the spires and battlements of the distant village, remembering when the first tree on its site was felled?

All this, however, has but little to do with the "reminiscences" of which I purposed to tell, relating to wolves, wild cats, *et id genus omne*. The prairie wolf, which is the kind that most abounds, would fall very far short of filling the expectations of those who have read

> "How the grim wolf runs howling thro' the lair,"

and have associated with the name something terrible and ferocious. An animal but little larger and not much more formidable than a fox, hardly personates the wolf of the Pyrenees,

> "Grim, gaunt, and savage, bursting on the plain."

But he is a genuine wolf, notwithstanding, and if he falls short of our expectations of what a wolf ought to be, he might say, that in the first place he is not responsible for his size, never having been consulted in the matter, or he would doubtless have exhibited himself to the curious as large as a Bengal tiger. And in the second place, it is no fault of his, if our information on matters connected with himself be erroneous, or if our imagination have erected to itself a standard of what a wolf should be, different from what nature has shewn in his case that a wolf is. The prairie wolf in fact is a diminutive and timid animal. His depredations are confined to the smaller and less protected animals, and the farmer dreads him as an intruder upon the hen-roost, or as an enemy to his lambs and the smaller specimens of the hog family; the maternal pig is generally a sufficient protection to her young brood, the raised bristles and tusky proboscis of the "nursing mother" presenting an appearance sufficiently terrific to deter a bolder animal. This wolf is by no means shy; he may be often seen trotting leisurely before the traveller, or at a little distance squatted in the grass, his pricked ears and sharp visage giving an air of intelligence to the steadfast and curious gaze with which he returns the regards of the stranger. His principal reliance is upon his speed and endurance, and it requires a stout and a fast horse to run him down. It is often done, however, and such is his cowardice that he will, when overtaken, submit to be beaten to death without resistance with the stirrup, an extempore weapon frequently used for fault of a better, *furor ministrat arma*. I know a man who having run upon one after a long chase, found him so cowed that he took him upon his horse, and carried him into the village.

> "Yet scarce I praise his venturous part,
> Who tampered with such dangerous art."

I well remember my first wolf chase, and though the results were not very brilliant, yet it afforded me, at any rate, "argument for a week, and laughter for a month." My "turn out" would hardly have been reckoned a very "swell" affair at an English fox hunt. An emergency had compelled me to be beholden to a neighbor, who had furnished me with the best he had: videlicit, the tree of an old saddle, laid on some blankets, unconfined by a girth, and garnished with one stirrup. This, to be sure, was not the guise in which "to witch the world with feats of horsemanship;" and an attempt at anything of the sort was very far from my thoughts when I set out.

> "But intentions are nonsense, and wishes are worse,
> Who can tell where he'll ride, when he saddles his horse."

A lame wolf crossed the road not more than fifty yards ahead of me, on three legs; the temptation was too strong to be resisted, so I started after him without a moment's reflection. But the limping rascal no sooner found me in pursuit, than he clapped his game leg to the ground, and went off at a speed that called for a pretty liberal application of "the timber." My horse, however, proved to be pretty heely, and in about three quarters of a mile I had overhauled him. He immediately gave up and crouched down, resigned to his fate. Forgetful of the state of my equipments, I attempted to spur my horse over him; but the steed, as might have been expected, bolted; and I, and my unique apparatus, like Kitty's "sweet buttermilk, covered the plain." Before I could adjust my traps and remount, the wolf, who, like William De la Marck, would "wait no man's pleasure," had recovered from his panic, and getting on to a piece of ploughed ground, saved himself from the pursuit that I had zealously recommenced. So I "took nothing by that motion." It was not long afterwards that I saw, as Tom Noddy says, "an individual" (I flattered myself it was the same) crossing a piece of prairie. I had to return half a mile for a gun, which *of course* I found unloaded; and by the time I had slipped a ball into it and got started again, I took it for granted he was out of reach; but my friend was determined, it seemed, not to back out so easily, and I found him in nearly the same spot, when I gave him what Sir Lucius O'Trigger calls "a quietus" with a rifle ball.

These wolves inhabit the prairie almost exclusively, excavating burrows, in which they rear their young, but they are to be seen out of them at all hours; in fact, very seldom, even when pursued, taking to them for shelter, trusting rather to

> Their long slow gallop, which can tire
> The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire.

They are taken sometimes (though they are too wary to be easily caught,) in traps of various construction. It is said they will unite in packs for the pursuit of deer, and other large animals; and their short yelping bark is often heard at night, as though they were opening on the track. The larger varieties of black and grey wolf, though more imposing from their size, are not sufficiently numerous to be very troublesome. I have occasionally seen them in my rambles, looking hungry, and sulky, and never seeming in much haste to get out of the way. Their size, strength, and ferocity, make them more than a match for any two or three dogs, and I have known some valuable hounds fall victims to their impetuosity in attacking them when out of the reach of assistance.

Perhaps a more formidable animal in reality than any of the varieties of the wolf, is the wild hog, numbers of which are to be found in the densely timbered river bottoms. They are nothing more than the domestic hog, escaped from the supervision of man, and subsisting on the nuts and acorns with which these forests abound, but in no whit resembling in appearance, temper, habits, or disposition, that corn fed, somnolent, and adipous animal; on the contrary, the wild hog is a lean, long-legged, locomotive savage, dangerous to attack, and worthless when taken, for it is a singular fact that it is impossible to fatten them in a pen; indeed, it is but seldom they will feed while any one is watching them, being even more untameable than almost any other denizen of the forest. They run in herds, and will without ceremony attack any thing that molests them, giving with their long sharp tusks, wounds more ghastly than can be inflicted by any other animal. One peculiarity in their construction I learned from inspection, which was new to me, and possibly may be so to others. The boars are furnished with a hard grisly substance (commonly called their shield), some six or eight inches in diameter, directly behind the shoulder on each side, immediately under, or perhaps an induration of the skin. Any one who has witnessed a fight between two of these creatures will comprehend the use of this protection, as it covers the part most exposed to injury from each other's tusks. So firm is its texture that it will resist a thrust with a knife from a strong hand. I once encountered an old boar who had taken possession of the road across a small prairie, for what reason I was not sufficiently deep in the secrets of his tribe to know; but there he stood, the foam flying from his tusks, and looking most particularly "devilish and dangerous;" being well mounted I ventured near him, but he made such decided demonstrations of hostility, that, unwilling to risk my horses' legs, and perhaps my own, in a contest where so manifestly

> "There was nothing to gain, and all to lose,"

I gave him a wide berth, and left him in undisturbed possession of the field.

H.

WHEATON AND THE PANTHER.

Ben Wheaton was one of the first settlers on the waters of the Susquehanna, immediately after the war, a rough, uncultivated, and primitive man. As many others of the same stamp and character, he subsisted by hunting, cultivating the land but sparingly, and in this way raised a numerous family amidst the woods and in a half-starved condition, and comparative nakedness. But as the Susquehanna country rapidly increased in population, the hunting-grounds of Wheaton were encroached upon, so that a chance with the smooth bore among the deer and bears were greatly lessened. On this account Wheaton removed from the Susquehanna country to Otsego county, to the more unsettled country of the Delaware, near a place yet known as the Wait's settlement, where game was more plenty. The distance from where he made his home in the woods, through to the Susquehanna, was about fifty miles, and was one continued wilderness at that time. Through these woods this almost aboriginal hunter was often compelled to pass to the Susquehanna, for various necessaries, and among the rest for no small quantity of whiskey, as he was of very intemperate habits. On one of these visits in the midst of summer, with his smooth bore on his shoulder, knife, hatchet, &c., in their proper places, he had nearly penetrated the distance, when he became weary, and having come to the summit of a ridge—sometime in the afternoon—which overlooks the vale of the Susquehanna, he selected a convenient place in the shade, as it was hot, for the rays of the sun from the west poured his sultry influence through all the forest, where he lay down to rest awhile among the leaves, after taking a drink from his pint bottle of green glass, and a mouthful of cold Johnny-cake from his pocket.

In this situation he was soothed to drowsiness by the hum of insects, and the monotony of the passing winds among the foliage around him, when he soon unwarily fell asleep with his gun folded in his arms. But after a while he awoke from his sleep, and for a moment or two still lay in the same position, as it happened without stirring, when he found that something had taken place while he slept, which had situated him somewhat differently from the manner in which he went to sleep. On reflecting a moment, he found he was entirely covered over, head and ears, with leaves and light stuff, as he now supposed, either by the sudden blowing of the wind, or some wild animal. On which account he became a little disturbed in his mind, as he well knew the manners of the panther at that season of the year, when it hunts to support its young, and will often cover its prey with leaves and bring its whelps to the banquet. He therefore continued to be perfectly still, as when he first awoke—he thought he heard the steps of some kind of heavy animal near him; and knowing if it were a panther the distance between himself and death could not be far, if he should attempt to rise up. Accordingly as he suspected, after waiting a full minute, he now distinctly heard the retiring tread of a stealthy panther, of which he had no doubt from his knowledge of the creature's ways. It had taken a few steps, however, when it again stopped a longer time; still Wheaton continued his silent position, knowing his safety depended much on this. Soon the tread was again heard, farther and farther off, until it entirely died away in the distance—but he still lay motionless a few minutes longer, then he ventured gently and cautiously to raise his head and cast an eye in the direction the creature, whatever it was, had gone, but could see nothing. He now rose up with a spring, for his blood had been running from his heart to the extremities, and back again with uncommon velocity, all the while his ears had listened to the steps of the animal on the leaves and brush. He now saw plainly the marks of design among the leaves, and that he had been covered over, and that the paws of some creature had done it.

And if, as he suspected, a panther was the animal, he knew it would soon return to kill him, on which account he made haste to receive it, and put himself in a situation to give it a taste of the contents of the old *smooth bore*. He now seized upon some pieces of old wood which lay about, and placed as much as was equal to his bulk, exactly where he had slept, and covered it all over with leaves, in the same manner the panther had done, and then sprang to a tree near by, into which he ascended, from whence he had a view a good distance about him, and especially in the direction the creature had gone. Here in the crotch of the tree he stood, with his gun resting across a limb, in the direction of the place where he had been left by the panther, looking sharply as far among the woods as possible, in the direction he expected the creature's return. But he had remained in this position but a short time, and had barely thrust the ramrod down the barrel of his piece, to be sure the charge was in her, and to examine her priming, and shut down the pan slowly so as that it should not snap, and thus make a noise, when his keen Indian eye, for such he had, caught a glimpse of a monstrous panther, leading warily two panther kittens towards her intended supper.

Now matters were hastening to a climax rapidly, when Wheaton or the panther should finish their hunting on the mountains of the Susquehanna, for if old Smooth Bore should flash in the pan, or miss her aim, the die would be cast, as a second load would be impossible ere her claws would have severed his heart strings, in the tree where he was; or if he should partially wound her, the same must have been his fate. During these thoughts the panther had hid her young under some brush, and had come within some thirty feet of the spot, where she supposed her victim was still sleeping, and seeing all as she left it, dropped down to a crouching position, precisely as a cat when about to spring on its prey. Now was seen the soul of the panther in its perfection; merging from the recess of nature, hidden by the creature, along the whole nervous system, but resting chiefly on the brain, from whence it glared, in bright horror, from its burning eyes, curled in its strong and vibrating tail, pushed out its white, eliptical fangs, from its broad and powerful paws, its hot breath glittered on the point of its uncovered teeth, and smoked, in rapid issues of steam from its red and open jaws, while every hair of its long dun back stood erect in savage joy, denoting that the moment of its fatal leap had come.

Now the horrid rustling of its hinder claws drawn under its belly was heard, and the bent ham-strings were seen but half an instant by Wheaton from where he stood in the tree, when the tremendous leap was made. It rose on a long curve into the air about ten feet in the highest place, and from thence descending, it struck exactly where the breast and bowels of its intended prey had lain, with a scream too horrible for description, when it tore to atoms the rotten wood, filling for several feet above it the air with leaves and light brush, the covering of the deception. But instantly the panther found herself cheated, and seemed to droop a little with disappointment, when, however, it resumed its erect posture, and surveyed quite around on every side a horizontal line, in search of its prey, but not discovering it, she cast a furious look aloft among the tops of the trees, when, in a moment or two, the eyes of Wheaton and the panther met. Now for another leap, when she drooped for that purpose; but the bullet was off, and two buck shot of the old smooth bore were too quick, as he lodged them exactly in the brain of the savage monster, and stretched her on the spot where the hunter had slept but a short time before in the soundness of a mountain dream.

He had marked the spot where her young were hidden, which at the report of the gun were frightened and ran up a tree. Wheaten now came down, and found the panther to measure from the end of its nose to the point of its tail, eight feet six inches in length, a creature sufficiently strong to have carried him off on a full run, had he fallen into its power. He now reloaded and went to the tree where her kittens or young panthers were, and soon brought them down from their grapple among the limbs, companions for their conquered and slain parent.

Wheaton dismantled them of their hides, and hastened away, lest some other rencounter before night should set in, might overtake him of a similar character, when the disadvantage of the darkness might decide the victory in a more advantageous manner to the roamers of the forest. Of this feat Ben Wheaton never ceased to boast; reciting it as the most appailing passage of his hunting life. The animal had scented him while asleep, and had found him as he supposed; intending to give her young a specimen of the manner of their future life, or if this is too much for the mind of a dumb animal, she intended at least to give them a supper.

This circumstance was all that saved his life, or the panther would have leaped on him at first, and have torn him in pieces, instead of covering him with leaves, as it did, for the sake of her young. The panther is a ferocious and almost untameable animal, whose nature and habits are the same as the cat, except that the nature and power of this domestic creature are in the panther immensely magnified in strength and ferocity. It is in the American forest what the tiger is in Africa and India, a dangerous and savage animal, the terror of all other creatures, as well as of the Indian and the white man.

GREAT RACE AT NEW ORLEANS

BETWEEN A LEVEE COMMISSARY AND A DUTCH WOMAN.

Every body knows that there are hundreds of women and small girls in this city regularly engaged in the business of picking up cotton and coffee about the streets and on the Levee; and that when they find the picking rather dry, they even go so far as to steal it from the bales and sacks. They go in gangs, have their sentinels out with as much system as a flock of crows, and while one is on the look out for the Commissary or whoever is appointed to watch, the rest will huddle round a bale of cotton or sack of coffee, fill their aprons or baskets, and be off in no time.

We saw yesterday an amusing race, a single dash of three squares, from the corner of Common to Custom House street, between an old Dutch woman who had made a regular haul of cotton, and the Levee Commissary, *catch* weights—she a large apron made on purpose for carrying a heavy freight of plunder, and he a cane.

At the start, the Dutchy had the advantage, and led off at a cow gallop. At the first oyster house the Commissary made a desperate brush, and gained on her a little, but she let out at a killing pace—at least he must have thought so—and soon made a gap of at least twenty open yards of daylight. "Go it, old 'un," said a steamboat character. "Pull up, man, or dat woman'll beat you," said a darky. On nearing the large pile of railroad iron, foot of Gravier street, the pace all round was terrific. The Dutchy throwed a high hoof, but gathered well, while the Commissary went at it with a perfect rush. At this point he lost his hat, which gave the old one a slight advantage. Over the railroad ironshe went, as though a locomotive was after her, and on crossing the place where the canal was to be, she had gained still more on her opponent. The Commissary here began to show symptoms of distress, while Dutchy, who still held on to her plunder, ran as fast and as fresh as at the start. Finding it impossible to hold out against such wind and speed as the old 'un possessed, the Commissary hauled up at the corner of Canal street, by which time the other had gained nearly a square. The former appeared badly worried, while the latter, after resting a short time on a box, appeared as fresh and in as good running condition as at the start. We give the following as the result:—

Old Dutchy, (pedigree and age unknown,)	1
The Commissary, " " "	dist.

Time from 3 to 5 minutes—good, considering the roughness of the track, which was covered with shells, cotton bales, piles of iron, &c. &c.

Picayune.

ARKANSAS ELOQUENCE.

We'll put the following sample of an Arkansas lawyer's eloquence against any thing they can bring from the West. As to the justness of his reasoning we say nothing, but as to its *conclusiveness* we defy any one to find a match. His client was brought up for stealing a mule. After the witnesses had all been sworn, and the lawyer on the other side had given his opinion, our orator gave the jury the following blast:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the whole of you, there you set: You have all heard what those witnesses have said, and of course you agree with me that my client did'nt steal that mule. Do you 'spose, for one second, that he *would* steal a mule! a low-lived mule! D——n clear of it. What does he want of a mule when he has got a bang-up pony like that tied to yon tree? (pointing to a fine-looking Mustang, opposite the log court-house.) What, I say, in the name of Gen Jackson, does he want of a mule? Nothing—exactly nothing. No, gentlemen of the jury, he did'nt steal the mule—he would'nt be caught stealing one. He never wanted a mule, he never had a mule, nor he never would have a mule about him. He has his antipathies as well as any body, and you could'nt hire him to take a mule.

Jurymen, that lawyer on the other side has been trying to spread wool over your eyes, and stuff you up with the notion that my client walked off with the aforesaid animal without asking leave; but you aint such a pack of fools as to believe him. Listen to me if you want to hear truth and reason—and while you are about it, wake up that fellow who's asleep; I want him to hear too.

That other lawyer says, too, that my client should be sent to prison. I'd like to see you send him once. But its getting towards dinner time and I want a horn bad, so i'll give you a closer and finish. Now you have no idea of sending my client to prison—I can see that fact sticking out. Suppose either of you was in his place—suppose, for instance, I was, and you should attempt to judge me—put me in a log jail without fire, where the wind was blowing in on one side and out of the other, and the only thing to brag of about the place was the perfectly free circulation of air—do you suppose, I say, that I would go? I'd see you d——d first, and then I wouldn't."

We dont know what verdict the jury returned, as when our informant lef they had all gone to the grocery to liquor.

Picayune.

The Royal Court Stakes.

The following horses have already been offered for the "Court Stakes," to be run for shortly in Windsor Park:—

Lord Melbourne's Sponge, ex Small talk, by *Lazy*.
Lord Howick's Fretful, ex Smart, by *Upstart*.
Lord Palmerston's Rouge, ex Simper, by *Turncoat*.
Lord Durham's Vanity, ex Pompous, by *Runaway*.
Lord Glenelg's Poppy, ex Dozey, by *Morpheus*.
Lord Brougham's Cut-a-way, ex Don't care by *Sarve-them-out*.
Mr. O'Connell's Bully, ex Mendicant, by *Liar*.
Lord Maidstone's Holdfast, ex Honor, by *Truth*.
Sir John Campbell's Servility, ex Peeress, by *Plausible*.
Sir C. Wetherall's Downright, ex Honesty, by *Consistency*.
Lord Normanby's Puppet, ex Non-Compos, by *Beggarman*.
Duke of Wellington's Glory, ex Fame, by *Decision*.
Mr. Spring Rice's Dapper, ex Ignorance, by *Presumption*.
General Evan's Flight, ex Spain, by *Incapacity*.
Sir R. Peel's Caution, ex Eloquence, by *Wisdom*.
Mr. Hume's Turn-out, ex Middlesex, by *Conservative*.
Mr. Roebuck's Charter, ex Vinegar, by *Impudence*.
Sir W. Molesworth's Spooney, ex Shuffle, by *Insignificance*.
Lord Grey's Mischief, ex Reform, by *Slink away*.
Lord Morpeth's Momus, ex Folly, by *Liston*.
Lord Lyndhurst's Skill, ex Fortitude, by *Patriot*.
Baroness Lehzen's Spy, ex Milkmaid, by *Leopold*.
Sir J. C. Hobhouse's Temperance, ex Brandy, by *Bacchus*.

A good deal of betting has taken place on the result, the "Blues" backing Caution, Glory, Skill, Holdfast, and Downright against the field; the "Yellows" are remarkably sanguine upon Vanity, but we are inclined to think he is mulish and bad tempered, and it is said lately made a terrible bolt. Sponge was at one time a great favorite at head quarters, but is evidently on the go, his legs appearing very groggy. Rouge likewise appears very shaky, having done a good deal of work in his time: he has had the misfortune to be under several different masters, who, from their various modes of riding, have so jumbled him about, that it is impossible to know which is his real pace: his principal qualification is the facility with which he can turn in any direction, and accommodate himself to any stable. Cut-away is well spoken of by many; but some fear he is shifty. Bully is fast losing ground; he is a powerful looking long-tailed animal, but wants a good deal of "rhino" to get him to work; he has lately shown symptoms of jibbing. Fretful has lately been blistered, and is not at all fit to run at present; and Temperance has had the staggers. The others are thought nothing of by any one. The "Blues" declare to win with Caution. We hope he will answer their expectations, though he once made a false step. Each party will have many more horses to start, some of which are known good ones. A great deal of confidence is expressed on both sides, and some first rate sport may be anticipated.

Age.

Varieties.

Santa Anna.—What a chequered life has his been! First distinguishing himself in public (in 1821) as the supporter of Iturbide, then in arms against him, and chiefly instrumental in his fall, and in procuring the adoption of the Federal Constitution; in a year afterwards, attempting and failing to obtain the title and power of Protector of the Republic; then for five years living in retirement, out of public employ; re-appearing in 1828, on the news of Pedraza's election to the Presidency, raising the standard in favor of his opponent, Guerrero; then defeated, driven to the mountains, and outlawed; recalled almost immediately, and placed at the head of the army sent out to oppose him; then (in April, 1829,) made Secretary of War and Commander-in-Chief of the Army; in that capacity repelling and conquering the ill-digested Spanish invasion under Barradas; soon after, driven from office with the President Guerrero; again in arms, driving Bustamente from power; then succeeding to the Presidency of the Republic, and, whilst President, in the midst of a successful military career, beaten, captured, and held prisoner by the Texians; released by them, repairing to Washington, and sent home in a public vessel of the United States; there coldly and repulsively received; retiring to his farm for two years; called from it to head an army to resist the invasion of the Mexican Territory by the forces of France; in a gallant sally, losing his leg and almost his life; and hey, presto! by another sudden revolution of things, again President, and in effect Dictator, of the Mexican Republic!

Nat. Int.

"*The Monster*."—"Where you gwan, Sampson?"

"Why, dog you skin, dat you? How git 'long, now days.

"O, considable putikalar. You isn't bin to see the monster, hab you?"

"De monster! What you call dat?"

"Why de Graffe! de animal what hab all de money."

"Graffe! What dat?"

"Why de monster what Gen. Jackson hab try kill so often. Golly! what a beast."

"You extonish me."

"Yes, he's de monster what white men talk 'bout. De rale old monster heself. He's got all de money, and dat's de 'casion we niggers hab to work so hard like a Massissippi steamboat."

"How he look?"

"Well, you see he's high as dat house, wid spots on he belly. He's got horn's like a stove pipe, and a tail like sugar-cane hanging down behind heself. He's splendiferous, and was never kotched afore. Dey find him in Arabia."

"Well, he ought to stay dare, 'stead o'coming yare arter all de money."

"Nigger, you don't understand de speriment. It's for de good ob de country dat he was cotched."

"It's for de good ob de country dat we git nofen to eat, too, aint it? You can't stuff dis child."

A Persian Shawl.—In many Oriental MSS. may be met with elaborately painted representations of celebrated processions; but one of the most curious fell lately under the observation of a writer in Frazer's Magazine. It was a magnificent shawl, (in the possession of a Hungarian lady of high rank) woven in the looms of Persia, and perfectly unique. The border exhibits in all its details one of the triumphal processions. Nothing is omitted; the trains of camels and Arab horses fully caparisoned, elephants and palanquins, the troops and musicians, and the countless attendants swelling the ranks of some mighty chief—are there. One compartment offers to the view a series of hunting scenes, in which figure the rhinoceros, the tiger and leopard—the gazelle of various sizes, the rabbit and "such small deer," with pursuing dogs, huntsmen and keepers, winding their horns, on horse and foot. All this is woven in the most exquisite colors, with a general accuracy of outline and correctness of design quite admirable, forming a combination of forms and hues which blend into a whole of surpassing beauty and harmony.

A Good Bump.—A Phrenologist at the North finding a young lady he was examining possessed of the bump of *twenty-thousand-dollars-ativeness*, made overtures of marriage, which were accepted forthwith—the best bump he ever found.

Sugar has been so dear in the West this winter that the men have been obliged to drink their coffee clear and kiss their wives for *sweetening*.

Picayune.

Professor Wilson.—What can be said of Professor Wilson worthy of his various merits? Nothing. Were we to reprint Lockhart's graphic account of him in *Peter's Letters*, it would not tell half his fame. A poet who, after having had the calamity of obtaining Oxford prizes, and incurred the misfortune of being praised by the *Edinburgh Review* for some juvenile indiscretions in the way of rhyme, wrote the *City of the Plague*, which even the envious Lord Byron placed among the great works of the age, and which all real critics put higher than his poetical Lordship's best productions in the way of Tragedy;—a moral Professor, who "dings down" the fame of Dugald Stewart—a paltry triumph we own, if truly considered, over a small person, but a triumph of no trivial moment if the voice of Edinburgh be counted of any avail—an orator who, sober or convivial, morning or evening, can pour forth gushes of eloquence the most stirring, and fun the most rejoicing—a novelist who has chosen a somewhat peculiar department, but who in his *Lights and Shadows*, &c. &c. gives forth continually fine touches of original thought, and bursts of real pathos;—a sixteen stoner, who has tried it, without the gloves, with a Game Chicken, and got none the worse—a cocker, a racer, a six-bottler, a twenty-four tumbler—an [illegible]d-outer—a true, upright, knocking-down, poetical, prosaic, moral, professorial, hard-drinking, fierce-eating, good-looking, honorable, and straight-forward Tory. Let us not forget, that he has leapt twenty-seven feet in a standing leap, on plain ground!—[Byron never ceased boasting of the petty feat of swimming three or four miles with the tide, as something wondrous. What is it to Wilson's leaping?]—a gipsy, a magaziner, a wit, a six-foot-club man, an unflinching Ultra in the worst of times! In what is he not great?

Frazer's Magazine.

The Seadrift Boat Club Ball.—The gentlemanly and spirited members of the Seadrift Club of Mobile, gave a splendid ball at the Alhambra, in that city, on Thursday evening last. We were politely favored with an invitation, but pressing business prevented our attendance.

The Mobile papers describe the affair as being very brilliant. The Advertiser says:—"We have never seen finer taste displayed than on this occasion, in the decoration of the room. The gallant and unconquered boat, which gave name to the Club, was placed at side of the room, beautifully painted and ornamented, and furnished with carpets, and the silver pitchers, cups, &c., the trophies of her frequent victories; while on all sides of the room were to be seen the oars, and other implements, and emblems of the craft, elegantly decorated with ribbons of various colors, evergreens, &c., forming together a most chaste and beautiful scene. We know we but speak the sentiments of all who had the pleasure of participating in the convivialities of the evening when we say, there never was more beauty, splendor, and magnificence displayed in Mobile than on this occasion, and never did an evening pass with greater harmony or more social enjoyment. The whole affair reflects the highest credit on the refined taste and noble generosity of the young and gallant members of the "Seadrift Boat Club."

The editor of the Register says that the hours flew on rosy wings, and each moment was so pleasantly passed, that some were heard to declare that the ship's bell was struck every ten instead of thirty minutes. All went off to the satisfaction and delight of the company, and much to the credit of the Club.

The Ruling Passion.—Lately the Earl of Harewood's hounds found a fox near Thorner, and closely pursued him into the domain, when a rabbit was started, which ran directly before Reynard, and although the hounds were close at his heels, at two or three leaps he caught the rabbit, and carried it at least three hundred yards, where he earthed, and no doubt made a hearty repast after his labors, as the efforts of the huntsmen, and terriers to boot, to unearth him, were of no avail.

A Yankee Horse. He never tried to do any thing and could'nt. As for going he can do that, and begin again when the others leaves off. No one going the same way on a pike ever saw any thing but the crittur's tail when he was ahead, and did'nt choose to be overtaken. He'll go at any pace under a steam engine at full speed, and will overtake a first rate steamer if it stops to take in water. He's the cheapest crittur, too, as ever I seen; for he'll go by a toll bar, on a pike before the man can look out to see if any thing is coming,

Quite Interesting. An editor puts the hanging of nine Canadians under the head of "*Interesting to Patriots!*"

Accident to Mrs. Drake, the Actress. On Saturday evening as Mrs. Drake was crossing the street from the Jefferson House to the theatre, a hack driver passing with his carriage along the street, drove against her, the pole of the carrriage striking Mrs. Drake in the chest so forcibly as to throw her down; and it is thought that the horses and carriage would have passed over her, had not her servant woman who accompanied her drawn her suddenly from under the horses' feet. Mrs. Drake was immediately taken to the hotel and bled. We are glad to learn that, although much bruised, there is every reason to hope Mrs. D. is not dangerously injured.

Louisville Reporter.

Uncle Sam is in a bad fix. He is beset with thieves, and has not the power to drive off the swarm. He is in the place of the infirm old man whom a rogue found moaning over something he had lost.

"What's the matter, sir," said the fellow.

"Oh, sir, a villain has just stole my gold laced hat from my head, and ran away with it."

"Why don't you run after him?"

"Bless your heart, sir, I can't run at all—I can hardly walk—the doctors have tried so many *experiments* on me."

"The devil you can't," said the rogue, "and he stole your hat?"

"Yes he did, sir."

"And you can't run?"

"Not I."

"Nor catch him?"

"No!"

"Then here goes for your wig."

And accordingly pulling off that thatch for the head, the fellow was off like a shot, leaving the old gentleman bald as a coot. Just such is the condition of Uncle Sam. We doubt whether Nunky, though, escapes with his scalp.

Picayune.

Mr. Westmacott and the Board Men.—On Wednesday, Mr. Westmacott, late proprietor of a paper called *The Age*, which we believe is still in existence complained of a very serious nuisance which he suffered at his house in Catherine-street, Strand, before which a fellow with his face blackened paraded up and down carrying a board, on which was painted the head of a sweep with a brush and scraper, the likeness being no doubt intended for him (Mr. Westmacott;) for, although the joke was now rather stale, he had been described on other occasions as belonging to the sooty fraternity, for what reason he cou'd never discover. The fellow who carried the board about had a number of hand-bills, which he distributed, referring to a newspaper which he (Mr. Westmacott) was about to start, and containing a choice selection of low and blackguard phrases, which were intended to apply, not only to himself personally, but to the paper he was about to publish. He had obtained possession of one of the hand-bills, which was the production no doubt of certain parties, who, for reasons best known to themselves, had adopted this mode of annoyance in consequence of his having projected a new paper. Under these circumstances he felt that he had no other alternative but to apply for a warrant against the person who carried the board about, in order that the nuisance might be put an end to. Mr. Twyford—"How do you know that the likeness of the sweep, which you say is painted on the board, is intended to represent yourself?"—Mr. Westmacott said that he had no doubt of the fact, for although the likeness was not very flattering, it was evidently intended for him. Mr. Twyford—"Has the exhibition been the means of collecting a crowd?" Mr. Westmacott—"Certainly it has; and they are at this very moment collected in front of my house, as a respectable inhabitant of the street, Mr. Dow, whom I have brought with me, can testify." Mr. Twyford—"Under such circumstances you are entitled to a warrant for the apprehension of the person by whom the board is carried." The warrant was placed in the hands of Tyrrell, the goaler, to execute, and Mr. Westmacott accompanied him to Catharine street, to point out the accused.

Weekly Dispatch, Jan. 27.

NEW SERIES OF HANDY ANDY.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "RORY O'MORE," "SKETCHES OF IRELAND," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

Andy was in sad disgrace for some days with his mother; but, like all mothers, she soon forgave the blunders of her son,—and indeed mothers are well off who have not more than blunders to forgive. Andy did all in his power to make himself useful at home, now that he was out of place and dependent on his mother, and got a day's work here and there when he could. Fortunately it was haymaking season, which afforded him more employment than winter months would have done; and after most of the farmers had made up their hay, and Andy could find no mowing to be paid for, he set-to to cut the "scrap o' meadow," as he called it, on a small field of his mother's. Indeed, it was but a "scrap," for the place where it grew was one of those broken bits of ground so common in the vicinity of mountain ranges, where rocks, protruding through the soil, give the notion of a very fine crop of stones. Now this locality gave to Andy the opportunity of exercising a bit of his characteristic ingenuity; for when the hay was ready for "cocking," he selected a good thumping rock as the foundation for his haystack, and the superstructure consequently cut a more respectable figure than one could have anticipated from the appearance of the little crop as it lay on the ground; and as no vestige of the rock was visible, the widow, when she came out to see the work completed, wondered and rejoiced at the size of her haystack, and said, "God bless you, Andy, but you're the natest hand for puttin' up a bit o' hay I ever seen: throth, I didn't think there was the half of it!" Little did the widow think that the cock of hay was as great a cheat as a bottle of Champagne—more than half bottom. It was all very well for the widow to admire her hay; but at last she came to sell it, and such sales are generally effected in Ireland by the purchaser buying "in the lump," as it is called, that is, calculating the value of the hay from the appearance of the stack, as it stands, and drawing it away upon his own cars. Now, as luck would have it, it was Andy's early acquaintance, Owny na Coppal, bought the hay; and in consideration of the *lone woman*, gave her as good a price as he could afford, for Owny was an honest, open-hearted fellow, though he *was* a horse dealer; so he paid the widow the price of her hay on the spot, and said he would draw it away at his own convenience.

In a few days Owny's cars and men were sent for this purpose; but when they came to take the haystack to pieces, the solidity of its centre rather astonished them, and instead of the cars going back loaded, two had their journey for nothing and went home empty. Previously to his men leaving the widow's field they spoke to her on the subject, and said,

"'Pon my conscience, ma'am, the centre o' your haystack was mighty heavy."

"Oh, indeed, it's powerful hay," said she.

"Maybe so," said they; "but there's not much nourishment in that part of it."

"Not finer hay in Ireland," said she.

"What's of it, ma'am," said they. "Faix, we think Mr. Doyle will be talkin' to you about it." And they were quite right, for Owny became indignant at being over-reached, as he thought, and lost no time in going to the widow to tell her so. When he arrived at her cabin, Andy happened to be in the house, and when the widow raised her voice through the storm of Owny's rage, in protestations that she knew nothing about it, but that "Andy, the darlin,' put the cock up with his own hands," then did Owny's passion gather strength.

"Oh! it's you, you vagabone, is it?" said he, shaking his whip at Andy, with whom he never had had the honor of a conversation since the memorable day when his horse was nearly killed. "So this is more o' your purty work! Bad cess to you! warn't it enough for you to nighhand kill one o' my horses, without plottin' to chate the rest o' them?"

"Is it *me* chate them?" said Andy. "Throth, I wouldn't wrong a dumb baste for the world."

"Not he, indeed, Misther Doyle," said the widow.

"Arrah, woman, don't be talkin' your balderdash to me," said Doyle; "Sure you took my good money for your hay?"

"And sure I gave all I had to you,—what more could I do?"

"Tare an ounty, woman! who ever heerd of sich a thing as coverin' up a rock wid hay, and sellin' it as the rale thing."

"'Twas Andy done it, Mr. Doyle; hand, act, or part, I hadn't in it."

"Why, then, arn't you ashamed o' yourself?" said Owny Doyle, addressing Andy.

"Why would I be ashamed?" said Andy.

"For chatin'—that's the word, sinse you provoke me."

"What I done is no chatin'," said Andy; "I had a blessed example for it."

"Oh! do you hear this?" shouted Owny, nearly provoked to take the worth of his money out of Andy's ribs.

"Yes, I say a blessed example," said Andy. "Sure, didn't the blessed Saint Pether build his church upon a rock, and why shouldn't I build my cock o' hay?"

Owny, with all his rage, could not help laughing at the ridiculous conceit. "By this and that, Andy," said he, "you're always sayin' or doing the quarest things in the counthry, bad cess to you!" So he laid his whip upon his little hack instead of Andy and galloped off.

Andy went over next day to the neighbouring town, where Owny Doyle kept a little inn and a couple of post-chaises (such as they were), and expressed much sorrow that Owny had been deceived by the appearance of the hay,—"But I'll pay you the differ out o' my wages, Misther Doyle,—in throth I will,—that is, whenever I have any wages to get, for the Squire turned me off, you see, and I'm out of place at the present."

"Oh, never mind it," said Owny. "Sure it was the widow woman got the money, and I don't begrudge it; and now that it's all past and gone, I forgive you. "But tell me, Andy, what put sich a quare thing in your head?"

"Why, you see," said Andy, "I didn't like the poor mother's pride should be let down in the eyes o' the neighbours; and so I made the weeshy bit o' hay look as decent as I could,—but at the same time I wouldn't chate any one for the world, Misther Doyle."

"Throth, I b'lieve you wouldn't, Andy; but, 'pon my sowl, the next time I go buy hay I'll take care that Saint Pether hasn't any hand in it."

Owny turned on his heel, and was walking away with that air of satisfaction which men so commonly assume after fancying they have said a good thing, when Andy interrupted his retreat by an interjectional "Misther Doyle."

"Well," said Owny, looking over his shoulder.

"I was thinkin', sir," said Andy.

"For the first time in your life, I b'lieve," said Owny; "and what was it you wor thinkin'?"

"I was thinkin' o' dhrivin' a chay, sir."

"And what's that to me?" said Owny.

"Sure, I might dhrive one o' your chaises."

"And kill more o' my horses, Andy,—eh? No, no, faix; I'm afeerd o' you Andy."

"Not a boy in Ireland knows dhrivin' betther nor me, any way," said Andy.

"Faix, it's any way and every way but the way you ought, you'd dhrive, sure enough, I b'lieve: but at all events, I don't want a post boy, Andy,—I have Micky Doolin, and his brother Pether, and them's enough for me."

"Maybe you'd be wantin' a helper in the stable, Misther Doyle?"

"No, Andy; but the first time I want to make hay to advantage I'll send for you," said Owny, laughing as he entered his house and nodding at Andy, who returned a capacious grin to Owny's shrewd smile, like the exaggerated reflection of a concave mirror. But the grin soon subsided, for men seldom prolong the laugh that is raised at their expense, and the corners of Andy's mouth turned down as his hand turned up to the back of his head, which he rubbed as he sauntered down the street from Owny Doyle's.

It was some miles to Andy's home, and night overtook him on the way. Poor Andy! he had just escaped the miseries of one blunder to fall into the meshes of another. As he trudged along in the middle of the road, he was looking up at some few stars that twinkled through the gloom, absorbed in many sublime thoughts as to their existence, and wondering what they were made of, when his cogitations were cut short by tumbling over something that lay in the middle of the highway; and on scrambling to his legs again, and seeking to investigate the cause of his fall, he was rather surprised to find a man lying in a state of such insensibility that all Andy's efforts could not rouse him. While he was standing over him, undecided as to what he should do, the sound of approaching wheels, and the rapid steps of galloping horses, attracted his attention; and it became evident that unless the chaise and pair which he now saw in advance were brought to a pull up, the cares of the man in the middle of the road would be very soon over. Andy shouted lustily, but to every "Hallo there!" he gave, the crack of a whip replied, and accelerated speed instead of a halt was the consequence; at last, in desperation, Andy planted himself in the middle of the road, and, with outspread arms before the horses, succeeded in arresting their progress, while he shouted "Stop!" at the top of his voice.

A pistol shot from the chaise was the consequence of Andy's summons, for Adolphus Johnstone, Esquire, an English young gentleman travelling from the castle of Dublin, never dreamed that a humane person could produce the cry of "Stop" on a *horrid Irish* road; and as he was reared in the ridiculous belief that every man ran a great risk of his life who ventured outside the city of Dublin, he travelled with a brace of loaded pistols beside him; and as he had been anticipating murder and robbery ever since nightfall, he did not await the demand for his "money or his life" to defend both, but fired away the instant he heard the word "stop;" and fortunate it was for Andy that his hurry impaired his aim. Before he could discharge a second pistol, Andy had screened himself under the horses' heads, and recognizing in the postilion, Micky Doolin (Owny Doyle's driver), he shouted out, "Micky, jewel, don't let them be shootin' me!"

"Who are you at all?" said Mick.

"Andy Rooney sure."

"And what do you want?"

"To save the man's life."

The last words only caught the ear of the effeminate Adolphus, or, as his friends familiarly and appropriately called him "Dolly;" and as "his life" seemed a personal threat to himself, he grasped his second pistol, and swore a soft oath at the postilion that he would shoot him if he did not *dwive* on, for the gentle "Dolly" abjured the use of that rough letter, R, which the Irish so much rejoice in.

"Dwive on, you wascal, dwive on!" exclaimed Mr. Johnstone.

"There's no fear o' you, sir," said Micky, "it's a friend o' my own."

Mr. Johnstone was not quite satisfied that he was therefore the safer.

"And what is it at all, Andy?" continued Mick.

"I tell you there's a man lying dead in the road there, and sure you'll kill him if you dhrive over him: 'light, will you, and help me to rise him.'

Mick dismounted and assisted Andy in lifting the prostrate man from the centre of the road to the slope of turf that bordered its side. That he was not dead, the warmth of the body testified; but that it should be only sleep seemed astonishing, considering the quantity of shaking and kicking that proved unavailing to dispel it.

"I b'lieve it's dhrunk he is," said Mick.

"He gave a grunt that time," said Andy,—"shake him again and he'll spake."

To a fresh shaking the drunken man at last gave some tokens of returning consciousness by making several winding blows at his benefactors, and uttering some half intelligible maledictions.

"Bad luck to you, do you know where you are?" said Mick.

"Well!" was the drunken ejaculation.

"By this and that it's my brother Pether!" said Mick. "We wondhered what had kept him so late with the return shay, and this is the way is it; he tumbled off his horses dhrunk—and where's the shay, I wonder. Oh, murdher! What will Misther Doyle say?"

"What's the weason you don't dwive on?" said Mr. Johnstone, putting his head out of the chaise.

"It's one on the road here, your honor, a'most killed."

"Was it wobbers?" asked Mr. Johnstone.

"Maybe you'd take him into the shay wid you, sir?"

"What a wequest!—dwive on, sir."

"Sure I can't lave my brother on the road, sir."

"*Your* bwother!—and you pwesume to put your bwother to wide with me?"

"How do you mane too wide, sir,—there's room enough if he was as wide again."

"You'll put me in the debdest wage if you don't dwive on."

"Faith, then, I won't dhrive on and lave my brother here on the road."

"You wascally wappawee!" exclaimed Mr. Johnstone.

"See, Andy," said Micky Doolin, "will you get up and dhrive him while I stay with Pether?"

"To be sure I will," said Andy. "Where is he going?"

"To the Squire's," said Mick; "and when you lave him there, make haste back, and I'll dhrive Pether home."

Andy mounted into Mick's saddle; and although Mr. Johnstone "pwotested" against it, and threatened "pwoceedings" and "magistwates," Mick was unmoved in his brotherly love. As a last remonstrance, Johnstone exclaimed, "And pwehaps this fellow can't wide, and don't know the woad."

"Is it not know the road to the Squire's?—wow! wow!" said Andy. "It's I that'll rattle you there in no time, your honor."

"Well, wattle away then!" said the enraged Johnstone, as he threw himself back in the chaise, cursing all the postillions in Ireland.

Now it was to Squire O'Grady's that Mr. Johnstone wanted to go; but in the confusion of the moment the name of O'Grady never once was mentioned; and with the title of "Squire" Andy never associated another idea than that of his late master, Mr. Egan. Mr. Johnstone was, as we have stated, a young Englishman employed in the under Secretary's office, and was despatched on electioneering business to Mr. O'Grady, who had ratted from the patriotic side of politics, and had thrown himself into the ranks of the opposite party. To open some negotiations, therefore, between the government and the renegado Squire, was the mission upon which Mr. Johnstone, much against his will, visited the wilds of Ireland; and the accident which has been just recorded afforded to the peculiar genius of Handy Andy an opportunity of making a glorious confusion by driving the political enemy of the sitting member into his house, where, by a curious coincidence, a strange gentleman was expected every day on a short visit. After Andy had driven some time he turned round and spoke to Mr. Johnstone through the pane of glass with which the front window-frame of the chaise was *not* furnished.

"Faix you wor nigh shootin' me, your honor," said Andy.

"I should not wepwoach myself if I had," said Mr. Johnstone, "when you quied stop on the woad: wobbers always qui stop, and I took you for a wobber."

"Faix, the robbers here, your honor, never axes you to stop at all, but they stop you without axin', or by your lave, or wid your lave. Sure I was only afeerd you'd dhrive over the man in the road."

"What was the man in the woad doing?"

"Nothin' at all, faith, for he wasn't able; he was dhrunk, sir."

"The postillion said he was his bwother."

"Yis, your honor, and he's a postillion himself—only he lost his horses and the shay—he got dhrunk and fell off."

"Those wascally postillions often get dwunk, I suppose."

"Oh, common enough, sir, particular now about the 'lection time; for the gintlemin is dhrivin' over the counthry like mad, right and left, and gives the boys money to dhrink their health, till they're killed a'most with the falls they get."

"Then postillions often fall on the woads here?"

"Throth the roads is covered with them sometimes when the 'lections comes an."

"What howwid immowality! I hope you're not dwunk?"

"Faix, I wish I was," said Andy. "It's a great while since I had a dhrop; but it won't be long so, when your honor gives me something to dhrink your health."

"Well, don't talk but dwive on. What bwidge is this?"

"It's the bridge that *separates* the counties, your honor."

"Glowyes bull that," thought Mr. Johnstone,—"a bwidge *sepawating*—I must wub up my memowy about that to-mowwow, and put it in my memowandums."

All Andy's further endeavors to get "his honor" into conversation were unavailing; so he whipped on in silence till his arrival at the gate-house of Merryvale demanded his call for entrance.

"What are you shouting there for?" said the traveller; "cawn't you wing?"

"What wing, sir?" said Andy.

"Why wing the bell."

"Oh, they undherstand the *shilloo* as well sir:" and in confirmation of Andy's assurance the bars of the entrance gate were withdrawn, and the post-chaise rattled up the avenue to the house.

Andy alighted and gave a thundering tantara-ra at the door. The servant who opened it was surprised at the sight of Andy, and could not repress a shout of wonder.

Here dick Dawson came into the hall, and seeing Andy at the door, gave a loud hallo, and clapped his hands in delight—for he had not seen him since the day of the chase—"An' is it there you are again, you unlucky vagabone?" said Dick; "and what the d——l brings you here?"

"I come with a jintleman to the masther, misther Dick."

"Where's the gentleman?"

"In the po'-shay without."

"Oh! it's the visitor I suppose," said Dick as he himself went out with that unceremonious readiness, so characteristic of the wild fellow he was, to open the door of the chaise for his brother-in-law's guest. "You're welcome," said Dick;—"come, step in,—the servants will look to your luggage. James, get in Mr. —— I beg your pardon, but 'pon my soul I forget your name, though Moriarty told me.

"Johnstone," gently uttered Adolphus.

"Get in Mr. Johnstone's luggage, James. Come, sir, walk into the dinner-room; we haven't finished our wine yet." With these words Dick ushered in Johnstone to the apartment where Squire Egan sat, who rose as they entered.

"Mr. Johnstone, Ned," said Dick.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Johnstone," said the hearty squire, who shook Johnstone's hand in what Johnstone considered a most savage-manner. "You seem fatigued."

"Vewy," was the languid reply of Johnstone, as he threw himself into a chair.

"Ring the bell for more claret, Dick," said Squire Egan.

"I neveh dwink," drawled out Johnstone.

Dick and the Squire both looked at him with amazement, for in the friend of Moriarty they expected to find a hearty fellow.

"A cool bottle would'nt do a child any harm," said the Squire. "Ring, Dick. And now, Mr. Johnstone, tell us how you like the country."

"Not much, I pwotest; but I must pwemise I was not pwepared to like it."

"Fine hills here, are there not?"

"Don't like hills—pwefer valleys."

"You can't have valleys without hills—eh?"

"Not pwecipices though."

"Oh, something more gentle—too abrupt for you. Well, what do you think of the people?"

"Oh, I don't know: you'll pawdon me, but—a—in short, there are so many wags."

"Oh, there are wags enough, I grant you; not funnier d—ls in the world."

"But I mean *wags*—dwess, I mean."

"Oh, rags. Oh, yes—why indeed they've not much clothes to spare."

"And yet these wetches are fweeholders, I'm told."

"Ay, and stout voters too."

"Well, that's all we wequire. By the by, how goes on the canvass, Squire?"

"Famously."

"Oh, wait till I explain to you our plan of opewations from head qwaters. You'll see how famously we shall wally at the hustings. These *Iwish* have no idea of tactics: we'll intwoduce the English mode—take them by supwise. We *must* unseat him."

"Unseat who?" said the Squire.

"That—a—Egan I think you call him."

The Squire opened his eyes; but Dick, with the ready devilment that was always about him, saw how the land lay in an instant, and making a signal to his brother-in-law, unperceived by Johnstone, chimed in with an immediate assent to his assertion, and swore that Egan would be unseated to a certainty. "Come, sir," added Dick, "fill one bumper at least to a toast I propose.—Here's 'confusion to Egan, and success to O'Grady."

"Success to O'Gwady," faintly echoed Johnstone as he sipped his claret. "These *Iwish* are so wild—so uncultivated," continued he; "you'll see how I'll supwise them with some of my plans."

"Oh, they're poor ignorant brutes," said Dick, "that know nothing: a man of the world like you, would buy and sell them."

"You see they've no finesse; they have a certain degwee of weadiness, but no depth—no weal finesse."

"Not as much as would physic a snipe," said Dick, who swallowed a glass of claret to conceal a smile that he could not repress at the exquisite absurdity of the Englishman's fancied superiority in finesse.

"What's that you say about snipes and physic?" said Johnstone; "what queer things you *Iwish* say."

"Oh, we've plenty o' queer fellows here," said Dick;—"but you are not taking your claret."

"The twuth is I'm fatigued—vewy—and if you'd allow me, Mr. O'Gwady, I should like to go to my woom; we'll talk over business to-mowwow."

"Certainly," said the Squire, who was glad to get rid of him, for the scene was becoming too much for his gravity. So Dick Dawson lighted Johnstone to his room, and after heaping civilities upon him, left him to sleep in the camp of his enemies, while Dick returned to the dining-room to enjoy with the Squire the laugh they were so long obliged to repress, and to drink another bottle of claret on the strength of the joke.

"What shall we do with him, Dick?" said the Squire.

"Pump him as dry as a lime-kiln," said Dick, "and then send him off to O'Grady—all's fair in war."

"To be sure," said the Squire. "Unseat me, indeed! he was near it, sure enough, for I thought I'd have dropped off my chair with surprise when he said it."

"And the conceit and impudence of the fellow," said Dick. "The ignorant *Iwish*—oh! wait my buck—if I don't astonish your weak mind, it's no matter!"

"Faith, he has brought his pigs to a pretty market here," said the Squire; "but how *did* he come here? how was the mistake made?"

"The way every mistake in the country's made," said Dick. "Handy Andy drove him here."

"More power to you, Andy," said the Squire. "Come, Dick, we'll drink Andy's health—this is a mistake on the right side."

And Andy's health *was* drunk, as well as several other healths. In short the Squire and Dick the Dêvil were in high glee—the dining-room rang with laughter to a late hour; and the next morning a great many empty claret bottles were on the table—and a few on the floor.

MAJOR GAHAGAN'S HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

CHAP. IV.

FAMINE IN THE GARRISON.

Thus my dangers for the night being overcome, I hastened with my precious box into my own apartment, which communicated with another, where I had left my prisoner, with a guard to report if he should recover, and to prevent his escape. My servant, Ghorumsaug, was one of the guard. I called him and the fellow came, looking very much confused and frightened, as it seemed, at my appearance.

"Why, Ghorumsaug," said I, "what makes thee look so pale, fellow? (He was as white as a sheet.) It is thy master—dost thou not remember him?" The man had seen me dress myself in the Pitan's clothes, but was not present when I had blacked my face and beard in the manner I have described.

"O Bramah, Vishnoo, and Mahomet!" cried the faithful fellow, "and do I see my dear master disguised in this way? For heaven's sake let me rid you of this odious black paint, for what will the ladies say in the ball-room, if the beautiful Feringhee should appear amongst them with his roses turned into coal?"

I am still one of the finest men in Europe, and at the time of which I write, when only two-and-twenty, I confess I *was* a little vain of my personal appearance, and not very willing to appear before my dear Belinda disguised like a blackamoor. I allowed Ghorumsaug to divest me of the heathenish armor and habiliments which I wore; and having, with a world of scrubbing and trouble, divested my face and beard of their black tinge, I put on my own becoming uniform, and hastened to wait on the ladies—hastened I say—although delayed would have been the better word, for the operation of bleaching lasted at least two hours.

"How is the prisoner, Ghorumsaug?" said I, before leaving my apartment.

"He has recovered from the blow which the Lion dealt him: two men and myself watch over him: and Macgillicuddy Sahib (the second in command), has just been the rounds, and has seen that all was secure."

I bade Ghorumsaug help me to put away my chest of treasure (my exultation in taking it was so great, that I could not help informing him of its contents); and this done, I despatched him to his post near the prisoner, while I prepared to sally forth and pay my respects to the fair creatures under my protection What good, after all, have I done? thought I to myself, in this expedition which I had so rashly undertaken? I had seen the renowned Holkar, I had been in the heart of his camp; I knew the disposition of his troops; that there were eleven thousand of them, and that he only waited for his guns to make a regular attack on the fort. I had seen Puttee Rooge; I had robbed her (I say *robbed* her, and I don't care what the reader, or any other man, may think of the act) of a deal box, containing jewels to the amount of three millions sterling, the property of herself and husband.

Three millions in money and jewels! And what the deuce were money and jewels to me or my poor garrison? Could my adorable Miss Bulcher eat a fricasee of diamonds, or, Cleopatra-like, melt down pearls to her tea? Could I, careless as I am about food, with a stomach that would digest anything—(once in Spain I ate the leg of a horse, during a famine, and was so eager to swallow this morsel, that I bolted the shoe, as well as the hoof, and never felt the slightest inconvenience from either)—could I, I say, expect to live long and well upon a ragout of rupees, or a dish of stewed emerals and rubies? With all the wealth of Crœsus before me I felt melancholy, and would have paid cheerfully its weight in carats, for a good honest round of boiled beef. Wealth, wealth, what art thou? What is gold?—Soft metal. What are diamonds?—Shining tinsel. The great wealth-winners, the only fame-achievers, the sole objects worthy of a soldier's consideration, are beefsteaks, gunpowder, and cold iron.

The two latter means of competency we possessed; I had in my own apartments a small store of gunpowder (keeping it under my own bed, with a candle burning for fear of accidents); I had 12 pieces of artillery (4 long 48's and 4 carronades, 5 howitzers, and a long brass mortar for grape, which I had taken myself at the battle of Assye), and muskets for ten times my force. My garrison, as I have told the reader in a previous number, consisted of 40 men, two chaplains, and a surgeon; add to these my guests, 83 in number, of whom nine only were gentlemen (in tights, powder, pigtails, and silk stockings, who had come out merely for a dance, and found themselves in for a siege). Such were our numbers:—

Troops and artillerymen	40
Ladies	74
Other non-combatants	11
MAJOR G. O'G. GAHAGAN	1000
	1125

I count myself good for a thousand, for so I was regularly rated in the army; with this great benefit to it, that I only consumed as much as an ordinary mortal. We were then, as far as the victuals went, 126 mouths; as combatants we numbered 1040 gallant men, with 12 guns and a fort, against Holkar and his 12,000. No such alarming odds, if—

If!—ay, there was the rub—*if* we had *shot*, as well as powder, for our guns; *if* we had not only *men*, but *meat*. Of the former commodity we had only three rounds for each piece. Of the latter, upon my sacred honor, to feed 126 souls, we had but—

Two drumsticks of fowls, and a bone of ham.
Fourteen bottles of ginger-beer.
Of soda-water, four do. do.
Two bottles fine Spanish olives.
Raspberry cream—the remainder of two dishes.
Seven macaroons lying in the puddle of a demolished trifle.
Half a drum of best Turkey figs.
Some bits of broken bread; two Dutch cheeses (whole); the crust of an old Stilton; and about an ounce of almonds and raisins.
Three ham sandwiches, and a pot of currant jelly, and 197 bottles of brandy, rum, madeira, pale ale (my private stock); a couple of hard eggs for a salad, and a flask of Florence oil.

This was the provision for the whole garrison!—The men after supper had seized upon the relics of the epast, as they were carried off from the table; and these were the miserable remnants I found and counted on my return; taking good care to lock the door of the supper-room, and treasure what little sustenance still remained in it.

When I appeared in the saloon—now lighted up by the morning sun, I not only caused a sensation myself, but felt one in my own bosom, which was of the most painful description. O my reader! may you never behold such a sight as that which presented itself:—eighty-three men and women in ball dresses: the former with their lank powdered locks streaming over their faces; the latter with faded flowers, uncurled wigs, smudged rouge, blear eyes, draggling feathers, rumpled satins—each more desperately melancholy and hideous than the other—each except my beloved Belinda Bulcher: whose raven ringlets never having been in curl, could of course never go *out* of curl; whose cheek, pale as the lily, could, as it may naturally be supposed, grow no paler; whose neck and beauteous arms dazzling as alabaster, needed no pearl-powder, and therefore, as I need not state, did not suffer because the pearl-powder came off. Joy (deft link-boy!) lit his lamps in each of her eyes as I entered. As if I had been her sun, her spring, lo! blushing roses mantled in her cheek! Seventy-three ladies, as I entered, opened their fire upon me, and stunned me with cross-questions, regarding my adventures in the camp—*she*, as she saw me, gave a faint scream (the sweetest, sure, that ever gurgled through the throat of a woman!)—then started up—then made as if she would sit down—then moved backwards—then tottered forwards—then tumbled into my—Psha! why recall,—why attempt to describe that delicious—that passionate greeting of two young hearts? What was the surrounding crowd to *us*? What cared we for the sneers of the men, the titters of the jealous women, the shrill "upon my word" of the elder Miss Bulcher, and the loud expostulations of Belinda's mamma?—the brave girl loved me, and wept in my arms: "Goliah! my Goliah!" said she, "my brave, my beautiful, *thou* art returned, and hope comes back with thee—Oh, who can tell the anguish of my soul, during this dreadful, dreadful night!"—Other similar ejaculations of love and joy she uttered; and if I *had* perilled life in her service, if I *did* believe that hope of escape there was none, so exquisite was the moment of our meeting, that I forgot all else in this overwhelming joy.

* * * * * *

[The Major's description of this meeting, which lasted at the very most not ten seconds, occupies thirteen pages of writing. We have been compelled to dock off twelve and a half; for the whole passage, though highly creditable to his feelings, might possibly be tedious to the reader.]

* * * * * *

As I said, the ladies and gentlemen were inclined to sneer, and were giggling audibly. I led the dear girl to a chair, and, scowling round with a tremendous fierceness, which those who know me know I can sometimes put on, I shouted out, "Hark ye! men and women—I am this lady's truest knight—her husband I hope one day to be. I am commander, too, in this fort—the enemy is without it; another word of mockery—another glance of scorn—and, by heaven! I will hurl every man and woman from the battlements, a prey to the ruffianly Holkar!" This quieted them. I am a man of my word, and none of them stirred or looked disrespectfully from that moment.

It was now *my* turn to make *them* look foolish. Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy (whose unfailing appetite is pretty well known to every person who has been in India) cried, "Well, Captain Gahagan, your ball has been so pleasant, and the supper was despatched so long ago, that myself and the ladies would be very glad of a little breakfast." And Mrs. Van giggled as if she had made a very witty and reasonable speech. "Oh! breakfast, breakfast by all means," said the rest; "we really are dying for a warm cup of tea."

"Is it bohay tay or souchong tay that you'd like, ladies?" says I.

"Nonsense, you silly man; any tea you like," says Mrs. Van.

"What do you say, then, to some prime *gunpowder?*" Of course they said it was the very thing.

"And do you like hot rolls or cowld—muffins or crumpets—fresh butter or salt? And you, gentlemen, what do you say to some iligant divvled kidneys for yourselves, and just a trifle of grilled turkeys, and a couple of hunthred new-laid eggs for the ladies?"

"Pooh, pooh! be it as you will, my dear fellow," answered they all.

"But stop," says I. "O ladies, O ladies; O gentlemen, gentlemen, that you should ever have come to the quarters of Goliah Gahagan, and he been without——"

"What?" said they, in a breath.

"Alas! alas! I have not got a single stick of chocolate in the whole house."

"Well, well, we can do without it."

"Or a single pound of coffee."

"Never mind; let that pass too." (Mrs. Van and the rest were beginning to look alarmed.)

"And about the kidneys—now I remember, the black divvles outside the fort have seized upon all the sheep; and how are we to have kidneys without them?" (Here there was a slight o—o—o!)

"And, with regard to the milk and crame, it may be remarked that the cows are likewise in pawn, and not a single drop can be had for money or love; but we can beat up eggs, you know, in the tay, which will be just as good."

"Oh, just as good."

"Only the divvle's in the luck, there's not a fresh egg to be had—no, nor a fresh chicken," continued I, "nor a stale one either; nor a tayspoonful of souchong, nor a thimbleful of bohay; nor the laste taste in life of butter, salt or fresh; nor hot rowls or cowld!"

"In the name of Heaven!" said Mrs. Van, growing very pale, "what is there, then?"

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'll tell you what there is, now," shouted I. "There's
Two drumsticks of fowls, and a bone of ham.
Fourteen bottles of ginger-beer," &c. &c.

And I went through the whole list of eatables as before, ending with the ham-sandwiches and the pot of jelly.

"Law! Mr. Gahagan," said Mrs. Colonel Vandegobbleschroy, "give me the ham-sandwiches—I must manage to breakfast off them."

And you should have heard the pretty to-do there was at this modest proposition. Of course I did not accede to it—why should I? I was the commander of the fort, and intended to keep these three very sandwiches for the use of myself and my dear Belinda. "Ladies," said I, "there are in this fort one hundred and twenty-six souls, and this is all the food which is to last us during the siege. Meat there is none—of drink there is a tolerable quantity, a glass of wine and one olive shall be served out to each woman: the men will receive two glasses, and an olive and a fig—and this must be your food during the siege. Lord Lake cannot be absent more than three days; and, if he be, why still there is a chance—why do I say a chanee?—*a certainty* of escaping from the hands of these ruffians."

"Oh, name it, name it, dear Captain Gahagan!" screeched the whole covey at a breath.

"It lies," answered I, "in the *powder magazine*. I will blow this fort, and all it contains, to atoms, ere it becomes the prey of Holkar."

The women, at this, raised a squeel that might have been heard in Holkar's camp, and fainted in different directions; but my dear Belinda whispered in my ear, "Well done, thou noble knight! bravely said, my heart's Goliah!" I felt I was right: I could have blown her up twenty times for the luxury of that single moment! "And now, ladies," said I, "I must leave you. The two chaplains will remain with you to administer professional consolation—the other gentlemen will follow me up stairs to the ramparts, where I shall find plenty of work for them."

CHAP. V.—THE ESCAPE.

Loth as they were, these gentlemen had nothing for it but to obey, and they accordingly followed me to the ramparts, where I proceeded to review my men. The fort, in my absence, had been left in command of Lieutenant Macgillicuddy, a countryman of my own (with whom, as may be seen in an early chapter of my memoirs, I had an affair of honor); and the prisoner Bobbachy Bahawder, whom I had only stunned, never wishing to kill him, had been left in charge of that officer. Three of the garrison (one of them a man of the Ahmednuggar Irregulars, my own body-servant, Ghorumsaug above named) were appointed to watch the captive by turns, and never leave him out of their sight. The lieutenant was instructed to look to them and to their prisoner, and as Bobbachy was severely injured by the blow which I had given him, and was, moreover, bound hand and foot, and gagged smartly with cords, I considered myself sure of his person.

Macgillicuddy did not make his appearance when I reviewed my little force, and the three havildars were likewise absent—this did not surprise me, as I had told them not to leave their prisoner; but desirous to speak with the lieutenant, I despatched a messenger to him, and ordered him to appear immediately.

The messenger came back—he was looking ghastly pale; he whispered some information into my ear, which instantly caused me to hasten to the apartments, where I had caused Bobbachy Bahawder to be confined.

The men had fled!—Bobbachy had fled; and in his place, fancy my astonishment when I found, with a rope, cutting his naturally wide mouth almost into his ears, with a dreadful sabre-cut across his forehead, with his legs tied over his head, and his arms tied between his legs, my unhappy, my attached friend, Mortimer Macgillicuddy!

He had been in this position for about three hours; it was the very position in which I had caused Bobbachy Bahawder to be placed, an attitude uncomfortable it is true, but one which renders escape impossible, unless treason aid the prisoner.

I restored the lieutenant to his natural erect position, and poured half a bottle of whiskey down the immensely enlarged orifice of his mourh, and when he had been released, he informed me of the circumstances that had taken place.

Fool that I was! idiot! upon my return to the fort, to have beon anxious about my personal appearance, and to have spent a couple of hours, in removing the artificial blackening from my beard and complexion, instead of going to examine my prisoner, when his escape would have been prevented. O foppery! O foppery! it was that cursed love of personal appearance, which had led me to forget my duty to my general, my country, my monarch, and my own honor!

Thus it was that the escape took place. My own fellow of the Irregulars, whom I had summoned to dress me, performed the operation to my satisfaction, invested me with the elegant uniform of my corps, and removed the Pitan's disguise which I had taken from the back of the prostrate body of Bobbachy Bahawder. What did the rogue do next? Why, he carried back the dress to the Bobbachy, he put it once more on its right owner, he and his infernal black companions (who had been so won over by the Bobbachy, with promises of enormous reward), gagged Macgillicuddy, who was going the rounds, and then marched with the Indian coolly up to the outer gate, and gave the word. The sentinel thinking it was myself, who had first come in, and was as likely to go out again (indeed, my rascally black valet said that Gahagan Saib was about to go out with him and his two companions to reconnoitre), opened the gates, and off they went.

This accounted for the confusion of my valet when I entered! and for the scoundrel's speech, that the lieutenant had *just been the rounds*—he *had*, poor fellow, and had been seized and bound in this cruel way. The three men, with their liberated prisoner, had just been on the point of escape, when my arrival disconcerted them; I had changed the guard at the gate (whom they had won over likewise); and yet, although they had overcome poor Mac, and although they were ready for the start, they had positively no means for effecting their escape until I was ass enough to put means in their way. Fool! fool! thrice besotted fool that I was, to think of my own silly person when I should have been occupied solely with my public duty.

From Macgillicuddy's incoherent accounts, as he was gasping from the effects of the gag, and the whiskey he had taken to revive him, and from my own subsequent observations, I learned this sad story. A sudden and painful thought struck me—my precious box! I rushed back, I found that box—I have it still—opening it, there, where I had left ingots, sacks of bright tomauns, kopeks, and rupees, strings of diamonds as big as duck's-eggs, rubies as red as the lips of my Belinda, countless strings of pearls, amethysts, emeralds, piles upon piles of bank notes, I found—a piece of paper! with a few lines in the Sanscrit language, which are thus, word for word, translated:—

EPIGRAM ON DISAPPOINTING A CERTAIN MAJOR.

The conquering lion return'd with his prey,
And safe in his cavern he set it;
The sly little fox stole the booty away,
And as he escaped, to the lion did say,
"*Aha*, don't you wish you may get it?"

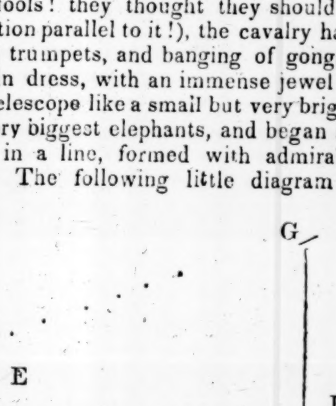
Confusion! Oh how my blood boiled as I read these cutting lines. I stamped, I swore, I don't know to what insane lengths my rage might have carried me, had not at this moment a soldier rushed in, screaming, "The enemy, the enemy!"

Chap. VI.—The Captive.

It was high time, indeed, that I should make my appearance. Waving my sword with one hand, and seizing my telescope with the other, I at once frightened and examined the enemy. Well they knew when they saw that flamingo plume floating in the breeze, that awful figure standing in the breach, that waving war-sword sparkling in the sky—well, I say, they knew the name of the humble individual who owned the sword, the plume, and the figure. The infantry were mustered in front, the cavalry behind. The flags were flying, the drums, gongs, tambarines, violoncellos, and other instruments of Eastern music, raised in the air a strange barbaric melody; the officers (yatabals), mounted on white dromedaries, were seen galloping to and fro, carrying to the advancing hosts the orders of Holkar.

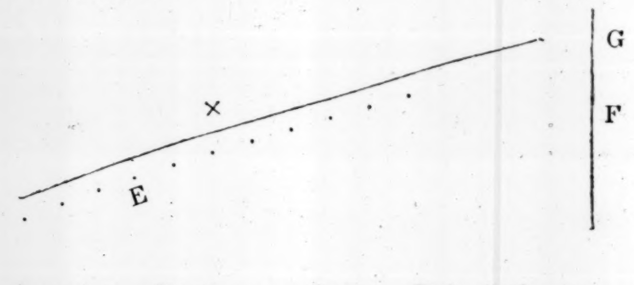
You see that two sides of the fort of Futtyghur (rising as it does on a rock that is almost perpendicular), are defended by the Burrumpooter river, two hundred feet deep at this point, and a thousand yards wide, so that I had no fear about them attacking me in *that* quarter. My guns, therefore (with their six and thirty miserable charges of shot), were dragged round to the point at which I conceived Holkar would be most likely to attack me. I was in a situation that I did not dare to fire, except at such times as I could kill a hundred men by a single discharge of a cannon; so the attacking party marched and marched, very strongly, about a mile and a half off, the elephants marching without receiving the slightest damage from us, until they had come to within four hundred yards of our walls (the rogues knew all the secrets of our weakness, through the betrayal of the dastardly Ghorumsaug, or they never would have ventured so near). At that distance—it was about the spot where the Futtyghur hill began gradually to rise—the invading force stopped; the elephants drew up in a line, at right angles with our wall (the fools! they thought they should expose themselves too much by taking a position parallel to it!), the cavalry halted too, and, after the deuce's own flourish of trumpets, and banging of gongs to be sure—somebody, in a flame-colored satin dress, with an immense jewel blazing in his pugree (that looked through my telescope like a small but very bright planet), got up from the back of one of the very biggest elephants, and began a speech.

The elephants were, as I said, in a line, formed with admirable precision, about three hundred of them. The following little diagram will explain matters:—



E is the line of elephants. F is the wall of the fort. G a gun in the fort. *Now* the reader will see what I did.

The elephants were standing, their trunks waggling to and fro gracefully before them; and I, with superhuman skill and activity, brought the gun G (a devilish long brass gun) to bear upon them. I pointed it myself; bang it went, and what was the consequence? Why, this:—



F is the fort as beiore. G is the gun as before. E the elephants as we have previously seen them. What, then, is ×? × *is the line taken by the ball fired from* G, which took off *one hundred and thirty-four elephants'* trunks, and only spent itself in the tusk of a very old animal, that stood the hundred and thirty-fifth.

I say, that such a shot was never fired before or since—that a gun was never pointed in such a way. Suppose I had been a common man, and contented myself with firing bang at the head of the first animal? An ass would have done it, and prided himself had he hit his mark—and what would have been the consequence? Why, that the ball might have killed two elephants, and wounded a third; but here, probably, it would have stopped, and done no further mischief. The *trunk* was the place at which to aim; there are no bones there; and away, consequently, went the bullet, shearing, as I have said, through one hundred and thirty-five proboscis. Heavens! what a howl there was, when the shot took effect! What a hideous snorting of elephants! What a rush backwards was made by the whole army, as if some demon was pursuing them!

Away they went. No sooner did I see them in full retreat, than, rushing forward myself, I shouted to my men, "My friends, yonder lies your dinner!" We flung open the gates—we tore down to the spot where the elephants had fallen; seven of them were killed; and of those that escaped to die of their hideous wounds elsewhere, most had left their tusks behind them. A great quantity of them we seized; and I myself, cutting up with my cimeter a couple of the fallen animals, as a butcher would a calf, motioned to the man to take the pieces back to the fort, where barbacued elephant was served round for dinner, instead of the miserable allowance of an olive and a glass of wine, which I had promised to my female friends, in my speech to them. The animal reserved for the ladies was a young white one, the fattest and tenderest I ever ate in my life; they are very fair eating, but the flesh has an India-rubber flavor, which, until one is accustomed to it, is unpalatable.

It was well that I had obtained this supply, for, during my absence on the works, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy and one or two others, had forced their way into the supper-room, and devoured every morsel of the garrison-larder, with the exception of the cheeses, the olives, and the wine, which was locked up in ma own apartment, before which stood a sentinel. Disgusting Mrs. Van! when I heard of her gluttony, I had almost a mind to eat *her*. However, we made a very comfortable dinner off the barbacued steaks, and when everybody had done, had the comfort of knowing that there was enough for one meal more.

The next day, as I expected, the enemy attacked us in great force, attempting to escalade the fort; but by the help of my guns and my good sword, by the distinguished bravery of Macgillicuddy and the rest of the garrison, we beat this attack off completely, the enemy sustaining a loss of seven hundred men. We were victorious; but when another attack was made, what were we to do? We had still a little powder left, but had fired off all the shot, stones, iron bars, &c., in the garrison! On this day, too, we devoured the last morsel of our food. I shall never forget Mrs. Macgillicuddy's despairing look, as I saw her sitting alone, attempting to make some impression on the little white elephant's roasted tail.

The third day the attack was repeated. The resources of genius are never at an end—yesterday, I had no ammunition; to-day I had discovered charges sufficient for two guns, and two swivels which were much longer, but had bores of about blunderbuss size.

This time, my friend Loll Mahommed, who had received, as the reader may remember, such a bastinadoing for my sake, headed the attack. The poor wretch could not walk, but he was carried in an open palanquin, and came on waving his sword and cursing horribly in his Hindoostan jargon. Behind him came troops of matchlock men, who picked off every one of our men who showed their noses above the ramparts, and a great host of blackamoors with scaling ladders, bundles to fill the ditch, fascines, gabions, culverins, demilunes, counterscarps, and all the other appurtenances of offensive war.

On they came—my guns and men were ready for them. You will ask how my pieces were loaded? I answer, that though my garrisons were without food, I knew my duty as an officer, and *had put the two Dutch cheeses into the two guns, and had crammed the contents of a bottle of olives into each swivel.*

They advanced—whish! went one of the Dutch chesses—bang! went the ther. Alas! they did little execution. In their first contact with an opposing dy, they certainly floored it; but they became at once like so much Welshbbit, and did no execution beyond the man whom they struck down.

"Hogree, pogree, wongree-fum!" (praise to Allah, and the forty-nine imaums!) shouted out the ferocious Loll Mahommed, when he saw the failure of my shot. "Onward, sons of the Prophet! the infidel has no more ammunition—a hundred thousand lakhs of rupees to the man who brings me Gahagan's head"

His men set up a shout, and rushed forward—he, to do him justice, was at the very head, urging on his own palanquin-bearers, and poking them with the tip of his cimeter. They came panting up the hill: I was black with rage, but it was the cold concentrated rage of despair. "Macgillicuddy," said I, calling that faithful officer, "you know where the barrels of powder are?" He did. "You know the use to make of them?" He did. He grasped my hand. "Goliah," said he, "farewell! I swear that the fort shall be in atoms, as soon as yonder unbelievers have carried it. Oh, my poor mother!" added the gallant youth, as sighing, yet fearless, he retiredto his post.

I gave one thought to my blessed, my beautiful Belinda, and then stepping into the front, took down one of the swivels; a shower of matchlock-balls came whizzing round my head. I did not heed them.

I took the swivel, and aimed coolly. Loll Mahommed, his palanquin, and his men, were now not above two hundred yards from the fort. Loll was straight before me, gesticulating and shouting to his men. I fired, bang!!!

I aimed so true, that *one hundred and seventeen best Spanish olives were lodged in a lump in the face of the unhappy Loll Mahommed.* The wretch, uttering a yell the most hideous and unearthly I ever heard, fell back dead; the frightened bearers flung down the palanquin and ran; the whole host ran as one man; their screams might be heard for leagues, "Tomasha, tomasha," they cried, "it is enchantment!" Away they fled, and the victory a third time was ours. Soon as the fight was done, I flew back to my Belinda; we had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, but I forgot hunger in the thought of once more beholding *her!*

The sweet soul turned towards me with a sickly smile as I entered, and almost fainted in my arms; but, alas! it was not love which caused in her bosom an emotion so strong—it was hunger! "Oh! my Goliah," whispered she, "for three days I have not tasted food; I could not eat that horrid elephant yesterday; but now—oh! heaven!" She could say no more, but sunk almost lifeless on my shoulder. I administered to her a trifling dram of rum, which revived her for a moment, and then rushed down stairs, determined that if it were a piece of my own leg, she should still have something to satisfy her hunger. Luckily, I remembered that three or four elephants were still lying in the field, having been killed by us in the first action, two days before. Necessity, thought I, has no law; my adorable girl must eat elephant, until she can get something better.

I rushed into the court where the men were, for the most part, assembled. "Men," said I, "our larder is empty; we must fill it as we did the day before yesterday; who will follow Gahagan on a foraging party?" I expected that, as on former occasion, every man would offer to accompany me.

To my astonishment, not a soul moved—a murmur arose among the troops; and at last, one of the oldest and bravest came forward.

"Captain," he said, "it is of no use; we cannot feed upon elephants forever! we have not a grain of powder left, and must give up the fort when the attack is made to-morrow. We may as well be prisoners now as then, and we won't go elephant-hunting any more."

"Ruffian!" I said, "he who first talks of surrender, dies! and I cut him down. Is there any one else who wishes to speak?"

No one stirred.

"Cowards! miserable cowards!" shouted I; "what, you dare not move for fear of death, at the hands of those wretches who even now fled before your arms; what, do I say *your* arms? before *mine!* Alone I did it; and as alone I routed the foe, alone I will victual the fortress! Ho! open the gate!"

I rushed out, not a single man would follow. The bodies of the elephants that we had killed still lay on the ground, where they had fallen about four hundred yards from the fort. I descended calmly the hill, a very steep one, and coming to the spot, took my pick of the animals, choosing a tolerably small and plump one, of about thirteen feet high, which the vultures had respected. I threw this animal over my shoulders, and made for the fort.

As I marched up the acclivity, whizz, piff, whirr! came the balls over my head; and pitter-patter, pitter-patter! they fell on the body of the elephant like drops of rain. The enemy were behind me; I knew it, and quickened my pace. I heard the gallop of their horse; they came nearer, nearer; I was within a hundred yards of the fort—seventy—fifty! I strained every nerve; I panted with the superhuman exertion—I ran—could a man run very fast with such a tremendous weight on his shoulders?

Up came the enemy; fifty horsemen were shouting and screaming at my tail. Oh, heaven! five yards more—one moment—and I am saved! It is done, I strain the last strain, I make the last step, I fling forward my precious burden into the gate opened wide to receive me and it, and—I fall! The gate thunders to, and I am left *on the outside!* Fifty knives are gleaming before my bloodshot eyes—fifty black hands are at my throat, when a voice exclaims, "Stop! kill him not, it is Gujputi!" A film came over my eyes—exhausted nature would bear no more.

* * * * *

Chap. VII.

SURPRISE OF FUTTYGHUR.

When I awoke from the trance into which I had fallen, I found myself in a bath, surrounded by innumerable black faces; and a Hindoo pothukoor (whence our word apothecary), feeling my pulse, and looking at me with an air of sagacity.

"Where am I!" I exclaimed, looking round and examining the strange faces, and the strange apartment which met my view. "Bekhusm!" said the apothecary. "Silence!" Gahagan Saib is in the hands of those who know his valor, and will save his life."

"Know my valor, slave? Of course you do," "but the fort—the garrison—the elephant—Belinda, my love—my darling—Mucgillicuddy—the scoundrelly mutineers—the deal bo—" * * *

I could say no more: the painful recollections pressed so heavily upon my poor shattered frame, that both failed once more. I fainted again, and I know not how long I lay insensible.

Again, however, I came to my senses; the poothukoor applied restoratives, and after a slumber of some hours, I woke much refreshed. I had no wound; my repeated swoons had been brought on (as indeed well they might) by my gigantic efforts in carrying the elephant up a steep hill a quarter of a mile in length. Walking, the task is bad enough, but running, it is the deuce; and I would recommend any of my readers who may be disposed to try and carry a dead elephant, never, on any account, to go a pace of more than five miles an hour.

Scarcely was I awake, when I heard the clash of arms at my door (plainly indicating that sentinels were posted there), and a single old gentleman, richly habited, entered the room. Did my eyes deceive me! I had surely seen him before. No—yes—no—yes—it *was* he—the snowy white beard, the mild eyes, the nose flattened to a jelly, and level with the rest of the venerable face, proclaiming him at once to be—Saadut Allee Beg Bimbukchee, Holkar's prime vizier, whose nose, as the reader may recollect, his highness had flattened with his kaleawn, during my interview with him in the Pitan's disguise.—I now knew my fate but too well.—I was in the hands of Holkar.

Saadut Allee Beg Bimbukchee slowly advanced toward me, and with a mild air of benevolence, which distinguished that excellent man (he was torn to pieces by wild horses the year after, on account of a difference with Holkar,) he came to my bedside, and taking gently my hand, said, "Life and death, my son, are not ours. Strength is deceitful, valor is unavailing, fame is only wind—the nightingale sings of the rose all night—where is the rose in the morning? Booch, booch! it is withered by a frost. The rose makes remarks regarding the nightingale, and where is that delightful song-bird? Pena-bekhoda, he is netted, plucked, spitted, and roasted! Who knows how misfortune comes? It has come to Gahagan Gujputi!"

"It is well," said I, stoutly, and in the Malay language. "Gahagan Gujputi will bear it like a man."

"No doubt—like a wise man and a brave one; but there is no lane so long to which there is not a turning, no night so black to which there comes not a morning. Icy winter is followed by merry spring time—grief is often succeeded by joy."

"Interprit, oh riddler!" said I; "Gahagan Khan is no reader of puzzles—no prating Mollah. Gujputi loves not words, but swords."

"Listen then, oh, Gujputi: you are in Holkar's power."

"I know it."

"You will die by the most horrible tortures to-morrow morning?"

"I dare say."

"They will tear your teeth from your jaws, your nails from your fingers, and your eyes from your head."

"Very possibly."

"They will flay you alive, and then burn you."

"Well; they can't do any more."

"They will seize upon every man and woman in yonder fort"—it was not then taken!—"and repeat upon them the same tortures."

"Ha! Belinda! Speak—how can all this be avoided?"

"Listen. Gahagan loves the moon-face, called Belinda."

"He does, Vizier, to distraction."

"Of what rank is he in the Koompani's army!"

"A captain."

"A miserable captain—oh, shame! Of what creed is he?"

"I am an Irishman, and a Catholic."

"But he has not been very particular about his religious duties?"

"Alas no."

"He has not been to his mosque for these twelve years?"

"'Tis true."

"Hearken now, Gahagan Khan. His Highness Prince Holkar has sent me to thee. You shall have the moon-face for your wife—your second wife, that is;—the first shall be the incomparable Puttee Rooge, who loves you to madness;—with Puttee Rooge, who is the wife, you shall have the wealth and rank, of Bobbachy Bahawder, of whom his highness intends to get rid. You shall be second in command of his highness's forces. Look, here is his commission signed with the celestial seal, and attested by the sacred names of the forty-nine Imaums. You have but to renounce your religion, and your service, and all these rewards are yours."

He produced a parchment, signed as he said, and gave it to me (it was beautifully written in Indian ink—I had it for fourteen years, but a rascally valet, seeing it very dirty, *washed* it forsooth, and washed off every bit of the writing)—I took it calmly, and said, "This is a tempting offer; oh, Vizier, how long wilt thou give me to consider of it?"

After a long parley he allowed me six hours, when I promised to give him an answer. My mind, however, was made up—as soon as he was gone, I threw myself on the sofa and fell asleep.

* * * * *

At the end of the sixth hour the Vizier came back: two people were with him; one, by his martial appearance I knew to be Holkar, the other I did not recognise. It was about midnight.

"Have you considered?" said the Vizier, as he came to my couch.

"I have," said I, sitting up,—I could not stand, for my legs were tied, and my arms fixed in a neat pair of steel handcuffs. "I have," said I, "unbelieving dogs! I have. Do you think to pervert a christian gentleman from his faith and honor? Ruffian blackamoors! do your worst; heap tortures on this body, they cannot last long—tear me to pieces—after you have torn me into a certain number of pieces, I shall not feel it—and if I did, if each torture could last a life—if each limb were to feel the agonies of a whole body, what then? I would bear all—all—all—all—all—ALL!"—My breast heaved—my form dilated—my eye flashed as I spoke these words. "Tyrants!" said I, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." Having thus clinched the argument, I was silent.

The venerable grand Vizier turned away, I saw a tear trickling down his cheecks.

"What a constancy," said he; "oh, that such beauty and such bravery should be doomed so soon to quit the earth!"

His tall companion only sneered and said, "*and Belinda*—"

"Ha!" said I; "ruffian, be still!—Heaven will protect her spotless innocence. Holkar, I know thee, and thou knowest *me*, too! Who with his single sword destroyed thy armies?—Who, with his pistol, cleft in twain thy nose-ring? Who slew thy generals? Who slew thy elephants? Three hundred mighty beasts went forth to battle: of these, *I* slew one hundred and thirty-five!—Dog, coward, ruffian, tyrant, unbeliever! Gahagan hates thee, spurns thee, spits on thee!"

Holkar, as I made these complimentary remarks, gave a scream of rage, and, drawing his cimeter, rushed on to despatch me at once (it was the very thing I wished for,) when the third person sprang forward, and seizing his arm, cried—

"Papa! oh, save him!" It was Puttee Rooge! "Remember," continued she, "his misfortunes—remember, oh, remember my—love!"—and here she blushed, and putting one finger into her mouth and hanging down her head, looked the very picture of modest affection.

Holkar sulkily sheathed his cimeter, and muttered, "'Tis better as it is; had I killed him now, I had spared him the torture. None of this shameless fooling, Puttee Rooge," continued the tyrant, dragging her away. "Captain Gahagan dies three hours from hence"—Puttee Rooge gave one scream and fainted—her father and the Vizier carried her off between them; nor was I loath to part with her, for with all her love, she was as ugly as the deuce.

They were gone—my fate was decided. I had but three hours more of life: so I flung myself again on the sofa, and fell profoundly asleep. As it may happen to any of my readers to be in the same situation, and to be hanged themselves, let me earnestly entreat them to adopt this plan of going to sleep, which I for my part have repeatedly found to be successful.—It saves unnecessary annoyance, it passes away a great deal of unpleasant time, and it prepares one to meet like a man the coming catastrophe. * * * *

Three o'clock came; the sun was at this time making his appearance in the heavens, and with it came the guards, who were appointed to conduct me to the torture. I woke, rose, was carried out, and was set on the very white donkey on which Loll Mahommed was conducted through the camp, after he was bastinadoed. Bobbachy Bahawder rode behind me, restored to his rank and state; troops of cavalry hemmed us in on all sides; my ass was conducted by the common executioner: a crier went forward, shouting out, "Make way for the destroyer of the faithful—he goes to bear the punishment of his crimes." We came to the fatal plain: it was the very spot whence I had borne away the elephant, and in full sight of the fort. I looked towards it. Thank Heaven! King George's banner waved on it still—a crowd were gathered on the walls—the men, the dastards who had deserted me, and women, too. Among the latter I thought I distinguished *one* who—Oh, gods! the thought turned me sick, I trembled and looked pale for the first time.

"He trembles! he turns pale," shouted out Bobbachy Bahawder, ferociously exulting over his conquered enemy.

"Dog!" shouted I, (I was sitting with my head to the donkey's tail, and so looked the Bobbachy full in the face) "not so pale as you looked, when I felled you with this arm, not so pale as your women looked, when I entered your harem!" Completely chop-fallen, the Indian ruffian was silent: at any rate, I had done for *him*.

We arrived at the place of execution, a stake, a couple of feet thick and eight high, was driven in the grass; round the stake, about seven feet from the ground, was an iron ring, to which were attached two fetters; in these my wrists were placed; two or three executioners stood near with strange-looking instruments: others were blowing at a fire, over which was a caldron, and in the embers were stuck other prongs and instruments of iron.

The crier came forward and read my sentence. It was the same in effect as that which had been hinted to me the day previous by the Grand Vizier. I confess I was too agitated exactly to catch every word that was spoken.

Holkar himself, on a tall dromedary, was at a little distance. The grand Vizier came up to me, it was his duty to stand by, and see the punishment performed. "It is yet time," said he.

I nodded my head, but did not answer.

The Vizier cast up to heaven a look of inexpressible anguish, and with a voice choking with emotion, said, "*Executioner—do—your—duty!*"

The horrid man advanced—he whispered sulkily in the ears of the Grand Vizier, *Guggly ka ghee, hum khedgeree*," said he, "*the oil does not boil yet*—wait one minute." The assistants blew, the fire blazed, the oil was heated. The Vizier drew a few feet aside, taking a large ladle full of the boiling liquid, he advanced, and—

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* * * * * *

Whish! bang, bang! pop! the executioner was dead at my feet, shot through the head; the ladle of scalding oil had been dashed in the face of the unhappy Grand Vizier, who lay on the plain howling. "Whish! bang! pop! Hurrah! Charge! Forwards! Cut them down! No quarter!"

I saw—yes, no, yes, no, yes! I saw regiment upon regiment of galloping British horsemen, riding over the ranks of the flying natives! First of the host, I recognized, oh, Heaven! my AHMEDNUGGAR IRREGULARS! On came the gallant line of black steeds and horsemen; swift, swift before them rode my officers in yellow—Glogger, Pappendick, and Stuffle; their sabres gleamed in the sun, their voices rung in the air. "D— them" they cried, "give it them, boys!" A strength supernatural thrilled through my veins at that delicious music; by one tremendous effort, I wrenched the post from its foundation, five feet in the ground. I could not release my hands from the fetters, it is true; but, grasping the beam tightly, I sprung forward—with one blow, I levelled the five executioners in the midst of the fire, their fall upsetting the scalding oil-can; with the next, I swept the bearers of Bobbachy's palanquin off their legs; with the third, I caught that chief himself in the small of the back, and sent him flying into the sabres of my advancing soldiers!

The next minute, Glogger and Stuffle were in my arms, Pappendick leading on the Irregulars. Friend and foe in that wild chase, had swept far away. We were alone, I was freed from my immense bar; and ten minutes afterwards, when Lord Lake trotted up with his staff, he found me sitting on it.

"Look at Gahagan," said his Lordship. "Gentlemen, did I not tell you we should be sure to find him *at his post?*"

The gallant old nobleman rode on: and this was the famous BATTLE OF FURRUCKABAO, OR SURPRISE OF FUTTYGHUR fought on the 17th of November, 1804.

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About a month afterwards, the following announcement appeared in *Boggleywollah Hurkaru*, and other Indian papers: "Married, on the 25th of December, at Futtyghur, by the Rev. Dr. Snorter, Captain Goliah O'Grady Gahagan, Commanding Irregular Horse Ahmednuggar, to Belinda, second daughter of Major-general Bulcher, C. B. His Excellency. the Commander-in-chief, gave away the bride; and after a splendid *dejeune*, the happy pair set off to pass the Mango season at Hurrygurrybaug. Venus must recollect, however, that Mars must not *always* be at her side. The Irregulars are nothing without their leader."

Such was the paragraph—such the event—the happiest in the existence of

G.O'G.M.H.E.I.C.S.C.I.H.A.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Another Match on Boston *for* $10,000 *a-side!*—We were surprised yesterday at receiving, per the Express Mail, from Mobile, a letter, apprising us that Mr. Abner Robinson, of Virginia, had concluded a match with Thos. J. Wells, Esq., of Louisiana, for $10,000 a-side, half forfeit, Four mile heats, to come off over one of the New Orleans courses the 1st Wednesday in December, 1839. Mr. Wells is to name at the post *one of the get of Imp.* Leviathan, *not now on the Turf*, against Boston! We fear this intelligence is too good to be true—or rather, we shall certainly rejoice when Boston leaves Virginia! There were very few horses north of Carolina last year that he could not have *distanced* in Four mile heats, and in a match with any one of the balance, he would have been the favorite at shillings to pence. He has nothing left to conquer here, or in the Old Dominion, and we repeat, we shall be rejoiced if Mr. Wells finds him a customer—the sooner the better.

Emily's Race at Charleston.—It will be recollected that Lovell & Hammond's *Polly Green*, beat Col. Hampton's imported filly, *Emily*, for the three mile purse at Charleston last month. In reporting the race we stated that the latter was probably entered merely to make up a field, as she pulled up lame, and a gentleman who saw her at Charleston a few days previous to the race, had informed us that she would not be started. This apology for her defeat has given great umbrage, it would appear, to certain parties at Augusta, and our reporter, Mr. John Leefe, is censured for an attempt to account for this discomfiture, knowing our regard for the owner of Emily. The gentlemen offended must settle the matter neither with Mr. Leefe, Col. Hampton, or ourselves, but with the Secretary of the South Carolina Jockey Club. At the time we penned the objectionable paragraph, we had before us the official report of the Charleston races furnished for the Turf Register, in which Dr. Irving makes the following comments upon Emily's race. It would have been a sufficient warrant for our remarks, that we had conversed with the gentleman who saw Emily the week previous to her race, but we now clinch the matter with the Secretary's report.

THURSDAY, Feb. 21—Jockey Club Purse $600, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's br. f. *Polly Green*, by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham (Portsmouth's dam) by John Richards, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. Wm. Sinkler's ch. c. *Santa Anna*, by Bertrand Junior, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs	3	2
Col. W. Hampton's b. f. *Emily*, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth by Rainbow, 4 yrs	2	dr

Time, 5:59—5:52.

"It is proper to state in reference to Emily in the above race, that she was evidently not herself. The distemper having broke out a few days previous to the race in Col. Hampton's stables, warrants the belief that she was labouring under incipient symptoms of that disease and its consequent debility."

The great Produce Stake, to come off at the Washington Spring Meeting, of twenty subscribers, at $1000 each, is exciting considerable interest in the Old Dominion. The Stake is advertised in this paper. One of the subscribers writes us that he believes the following nominations are in training:—Numbers 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 12 and 13, 15 and 16, and 20. Oliver's nomination is with Arthur Taylor; Mr. Wm. H. Tayloe's Chateau Margaux filly is said to be a clipper, and "the lucky Colonel" has booked the stake "a safety." A correspondent writes—"I guess four will start, and the winner (not Wynn) will pocket $5,600 in about 1:52 each heat."

Stewart, the young but very capital trainer of Col. Hampton, of South Carolina, has arrived in Virginia, to train that gentleman's young things for their Northern engagements at Baltimore and the Union Course, Long Island. But that *Monarch* is "sitting" for his portrait (for the "Spirit of the Times") at Columbia, we should have been rejoiced if he had been included in the string sent North. Col. H. has just refused another offer of $20,000 for him, and declined selling him at any figure.

A correspondent desires to know what the deuce is the reason race-horses are not ridden with cruppers? Fanny Wyatt, Angora, Imp. Maria Black, and half a dozen others have lost their backers immense sums within three years from the slipping of their saddles. By the bye, a gentleman, speaking of the latter, wrote us the other day, that since the saddle slipped on her (Maria Black's), in her race with Mary Wynn, a crupper has been used without the least inconvenience.

Robin Brown.—This fine horse, a half brother to *Boston*, will remain in Alabama, the ensuing season, but not knowing where, we are obliged to omit his name in the List of Stallions for 1839. Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., has sold half of him recently to Col. H. Lewis, of Limestone County. The same gentleman has also sold *Tom Thurman* to Willis Alston, Esq., for "ever so much" Texas land, and other lots from the same stud have gone off "dog cheap."

The Great Four Mile Stake at Louisville.—We have at length received from the Secretary, the nominations for the Great Kentucky Sweep Stakes, of ten subscribers of $2000 each, half forfeit, four mile heats. The nominations comprise, Grey Eagle, Mary Vaughan, Queen Mary, Occident, Tarleton, Hawk-eye, and Musedora of Kentucky, Billy Townes of Virginia, Picton, now of Tennessee, and Wagner, now of Louisianna. There are four or five other cracks that should have gone in and the thing would then have been complete; we refer to Monarch, Portsmouth, Zela, Altorf, Vashti, and the Queen.

Van Leer's Cavalry is recruiting at Augusta, Ga. Several of his string have been amiss with colds but are now recovered. Van Leer has sold Robt. L. Stevens' ch. c. *Seminole* by Eclipse out of Celeste by Henry, 3 yrs. for $1500, and not $1000 as reported. Messrs. Leveritch and Palmer were the purchasers.

Loss of Foals.—We regret to hear that Col. Crowell's *Lady Nashville* has lost her colt by John Bascombe. Mr. Rodgers of Raleigh, N. C., has lost his fine yearling colt by Imp. Shakspeare out of Polly Peacham.

Mr. John G. Winter of Augusta, Ga, has sold *Ariel*, (own sister to O'Kelly and Lance,) to Col. Bullock of Tarboro' N. C. for $1000; she is to be stinted to Bascombe this season.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson, the Napoleon of the Turf, has declined the Whig nomination for the Senate of Virginia, from Chesterfield District.

Count Badger, a Northern horse, now owned by Captain Nich. Davis of Limestone co. Ala. is advertised to stand the ensuing season in Lincoln county, Tenn. and our worthy friend Captain D. makes the following offer relative to his get:—

"To his very fine and authentic pedigree, I may add the recommendation of his being the sire of several winners; indeed, almost all that have been trained have won. His colts have fine finish, good size, with the best action. Badger is, in my opinion, the most active horse I ever saw, and his colts, inheriting his agility, can "wheel about and turn about," pleasing me better than any *young things* I meet. I will enter his get of the present season, out of two mares, in a sweepstakes to come off the first Monday in May, 1843, over the Huntsville Course, Five Hundred Dollars entrance, half forfeit, with the get of any stallion, native or imported, out of an equal number of mares. The race to be two miles out, five or more entries to make a race, to name the mares and stallions, and to close by the 1st of July next.

Feb. 14, 1839. Nich. Davis.

Houston Races.—Last week we gave a programme of the Velasco Races, in Texas, since which the following has met our eye in the "National Intelligencer," published in the city of Houston:—

Houston Jockey Club Races.

The Spring Meeting of 1839 will commence on the 15th April, and continue 6 days.

First day—Sweepstake for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, $250 each, $150 ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st April. Now two subs.

Second day—Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, $500 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close 1st April. Now two subs.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse, $250, ent. $25. Two mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $600, ent. $75. Three mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $100. Four mile heats.
Sixth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, ent. $50. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
The above purses will be paid to the winner with the usual deduction of 10 per cent.
Houston, Feb. 22, 1839.

If the breeders of Texas are to he offered purses like those detailed above, it is no wonder they are sending their orders for fine brood mares all over the country. It would not surprise us if half a dozen stables were steamed over to Texas from New Orleans.

Stallions for 1839.—We present to-day our *Alphabetical List of Stallions for* 1839, prepared expressly for "The Spirit of the Times." It is more full and complete than any one ever published in this country, containing near One Hundred and Fifty of the most distinguished horses. When we state that the location, terms, etc., of not above sixty or seventy were furnished by their owners or agents, some idea may be formed of the trouble we have been at in compiling the List. Several fine horses are omitted that were inserted last year, owing entirely to the negligence of their owners in furnishing us with the necessary particulars; they seem to expect us not only to keep a dog, but to bark ourselves.

A Hint to "Boots!"—Extract of a letter from the Old Dominion, dated the 8th instant;—if it is not a hint to our old correspondent "Boots," there is no mistake about our getting it, and a letter "to boot," from a well-known breeder:—

"Oh! these is quare times! May I never see glory if liquor arn't more strong than common. Burn my gums, if it didn't knock all of a heap, t'other day, court and jury; a nate bit of work that. Small scrummages done the thing complete, and the unfailing forerd of a hot head (spring water) ris in demand, as the bars closed, for fighting is thirsty work. Dog my cats if such an ugly set of customers can be found in the oldest settlement of the hottest region *on earth*, as separated next morning, with sweetning to wife, and horse-cake to the child. You knows elections times is cumming. Wooden legs are cheap. Go it, Boots, with a perfect looseness."

Challenge to the Augusta Boat Clubs.—We find the following in the Savannah "Georgian" of the 9th instant:

Challenge!—The undersigned challenge with their boat, *Caroline King*, any boat in Augusta, Ga., upon the following terms, viz:—to run with six oars each, any distance, for the sum of One Thousand Dollars, P. or P., between this and the 1st of April. The race to take place either at Augusta or Savannah, as the Augusta Clubs may choose; and should they select *Savannah* as the racing ground, their expenses to Savannah and their return, will be paid by the undersigned, whether they win or lose.

Should this challenge be accepted, they will please signify the same to the undersigned, and name the day for the race, giving ten days notice.

Richard F. Floyd,
W. H. Mongin,
Thomas Bourke.

Washington challenges the world to meet him in harness, two mile heats, for $1000 a side. If the match cannot be made up he is to be disposed of at private sale. See advertisement.

LETTER FROM "CAPTAIN" ON BREEDING.

Fort Gibson, (Arks.) 5th Feb., 1839.

Mr. Editor,—When I addressed to you my first letter on *Breeding for the Turf*, I did not anticipate bringing upon myself a controversy; for confining myself to statements "literally correct," I presumed they would pass unquestioned. Let me not be misunderstood, however—I do not take any exception to the comments of "A." upon my communication. My principal objection to engaging in a controversy, arises from the long delay which would necessarily intervene between the different communications; for I am so remote from the place of publication, that the patience of your readers would be soon exhausted, and but little interest felt in a correspondence which would require in them, either repeated reference, or a great exertion of memory to recollect its arguments.

The success attending Col. Hampton's Imported stock, I hail with great pleasure, perfectly willing to yield my argument, if this require so much, rather than so munificent a gentleman, and so generous a supporter of the Turf, should be deprived of the pleasure which success in his favorite pursuit must bring him. I hope that *Monarch* and *Emily* may win at Charleston, as they have at Columbia and Augusta.

I think that I could controvert (by a reference to the Racing Calendar,) the assertion of "A." that the "success of the imported horses has been general and regular;" but for the reason assigned above, I will not attempt it. At this moment, too, it would be impracticable, as all my books, and other heavy baggage, have been packed for transportion, as my regiment will in a day or two march for Florida. Occupied as I shall soon be, in the swamps and everglades of that Territory, pursuing the fugitive Seminole, it is not probable that I shall see a "Spirit" for some months; but as I am on warlike things intent, perhaps I may be excused in launching a Parthian arrow in retiring from the field of controversy. I wish to enquire of "A." *why the imported horses have got so few winners of long races?* After the termination of the Spring races of 1837, the attention of breeders was triumphantly drawn, by a Virginia correspondent of yours, to the unusual success of the colts of Imp. *Luzborough* and *Fylde* in their sweepstakes. The success of the get of imported horses in one and two mile races, had been predicted long previously, by a writer in the Turf Register; who expressed a doubt as to their distinguishing themselves at longer distances. Now I do not consider that they have yet proved their superioriyt (shall I say equality?) over the get of native horses. Although I am willing to concede that *Picton* was a first rate racer, yet he won no four mile race; and as yet, no colt of Imp. Luzborough has done so. Of the Fylde's, *Steel* alone has won at four miles; and it must be remembered, that Picton and Steel were both out of *tried good* brood mares. The age of their produce cannot be fairly urged in their favor, as their colts are 4 yrs. old, and the get of native stallions only 3 yrs. old have distinguished themselves at this distance—as *Fanny Wyatt, Wagner, Josh Bell, Pete Whetstone*, and *Pressure*. Although several of the Leviathans have won at four miles, I have no recollection of their having made remarkable time; and notwithstanding the very great patronage he has received, the get of *Bertrand* have proved their superiority over them, at long distances. The superiority of *Fanny Wright* over all the Leviathans, will not be denied, I presume; and *Arbaces*, at three miles, was victor over some of the best of his get. More recently, Wagner, by Sir Charles, has proved himself superior to the best Leviathan of his year, (may I not say of any year?) and we all recollect the victory of *Rodolph* over *Angora*.

These examples are not adduced with any desire to depreciate the Imp. stallions named; but to show that the friends of native stallions have no reason to doubt their ability to get stock to go *a distance*, even with the get of imported horses, and so convince owners of imported mares that they should not disdain crossing them with our best stallions. That a prejudice exists both for and against the English stock, I do not doubt; but I am an advocate for neither, to the exclusion of the other, believing from the different manner of racing in the two countries, with the difference of climate, food, &c., that their union will prove beneficial

On this subject of crossing them, I had a conversation a short time since with a Tennessee breeder, the owner of the stallion *Jefferson*. In avowing his predilection for the native stock, he thus expressed himself—"The Tennesseeans *have* whipped the British, and I believe they will always be able to do it;" and this metaphorical manner of expressing his opinion, substituting the people of the two countries, for their horses, I consider somewhat characteristic of the western people. The force of patriotism or prejudice could no further go. Apropos, in alluding to Messrs. Clay and North having sent imported mares to native stallions, I applauded their *nationality*, not rationality, as it was printed.

Captain.

THE $150,000 PRODUCE STAKE.

We shall be obliged to open a book directly, to note the state of the odds on this splendid stake. A gentleman of Columbus, Ga. offers to lay $1000 on the 20th nomination (Polly Peacham and Imp. Priam,) against any other one, and an ocean of Champagne has been offered us severally on Numbers 1, 4, 18, and 22, by different correspondents. The following information has reached us this week:—

Millwood, 12th March, 1839.

In conformity to the suggestion of the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, I beg to announce to him, that *Delphine* dropped, on the 9th inst., a chesnut colt foal, marked with a star and snip. For this colt I claim the name of *Herald*, and desire that he may be so registered.

W. Hampton.

We are desired to state that Col. Watson's nomination (No. 8—produce of Giantess and Imp. Glencoe) was foaled on the 28th Feb. It is a fine filly foal; a chesnut, with a star, and no other white; measuring three feet 5¼ inches.

A gentleman writes us from Columbia, S. C. that No. 22, (the produce of Imp. Delphine—dam of Monarch and The Queen—and Plenipo') is one of the finest colt foals he ever saw—very much in the style of his sire, the Great Plenipo', who, by the English Sporting Magazine writers, is believed to have been fully equal to Eclipse or Flying Childers.

Messrs. Jackson and Kirkman make a proposition to the following effect:—

Florence. (Ala.) March 2, 1839.

Mr. P.—James Jackson's entry (No. 7) in the Great Produce Stake, $5000 entrance, proving barren, he proposes to substitute the produce of Imp. *Refugee* by Wanderer, and Imp. Glencoe. She will foal late.

J. Kirkman proposes to enter produce of Imp. *Gutty* by Whalebone, and Imp. Glencoe. It will make even money, and his mare being in bad health, he was uncertain whether she was in foal until recently. He was not disposed to make a mere nominal entry. The mare will not foal until late.

The subscribers are requested to signify their acceptance or rejection of either or both of these proposals at as early a day as convenient, by letter, to the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times." We shall hold ourselves bound until the 1st July, and for the truth of the facts stated.

James Jackson.
J. Kirkman.

VISIT TO MR. POLK'S STOCK FARM.

Very few gentlemen at the South have done more, within two or three years, to improve the breed of stock, than Lucius J. Polk, Esq. of Mount Pleasant, Tenn., and it gives us great satisfaction to know that he has not only the spirit and ability to carry out his plans, but that he is determined to make his breeding establishment of Hamilton Place, one of the most perfect and extensive in the Union. A gentleman well known to the sporting world on both sides of the Atlantic, lately visited Mr. P.'s stock farm, and has obliged us with the following details:—

"I have just visited Mr. Polk, and seen his fine stock of Horses, Cattle, and Sheep. *Ainderby* is a handsome, racing looking horse, with a game, speedy look, about 15–2. He does not look as large as he really is; there is no doubt he was, at 2 and 3 years old, one of the best and most speedy colts of his year. He had the distinguished honor of beating the famous *Queen of Trumps*; it is true a dog ran in the track, and the mare swerving, lost some ground; they were, however, locked at the time, and the heat, run in 1:43, was as good as the mare ever made; subsequently he fell into bad hands, and though making good races, at high weights, was unfortunate. Ainderby is so fine in his shoulder, girth, and loin, he will do well on many of our mares.

Three only of his mares are at home: *Variella*, by Blacklock, sister to Voltaire, a very fine mare, and of the most fashionable stock; she has a filly foal by The Colonel, a few days old only; this mare is Mr. Polk's favorite. She may deserve to be so, but I prefer *Trinket*, out of Fillagree, the grand dam of Bay Middleton; she is a mare of great beauty, also, I believe, in foal to The Colonel; no finer mare has ever crossed the Atlantic. He has also a large chesnut mare, *Primrose*, by Comus, out of Cowslip; this is a fine mare, and if not so handsome as Trinket or Variella, may bring as good stock; she is in foal, but I do not recollect by what horse. He has among his young ones a yearling chesnut filly by The Colonel, out of Variella; if this do not prove a clipper, then am I no prophet. I would back her in any stake, from the Empire State to Orleans.

His Bull *Cassius** is a most superior animal; one who has seen blood stock would at once call him No. 1, and those not connoisseurs must at once be struck with his fine form and blood-like appearance. He will do well this season, and go far to repay his owners for the outlay.

The Bakewell Ram is of the long wool Leicester breed; no better sample of that stock has been brought to this country. He is of great size, and his form shows great aptitude to lay on flesh; and I have no doubt will greatly improve the sheep of the country."

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* Imported to New Orleans by Flintoff, and sold immediately to Mr. Polk and James Jackson, Esq. of Florence, Ala. They have refused $3000 for him.

THE MISSOURI TURF.

Fayette, Howard Co,. Mo., March 1st, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Your subscription list here, I fear, may be diminished after the termination of the first year's subscription; but to prevent this, I will use my best exertions. I have taken the liberty to represent myself as your agent, to receive and forward subscriptions, by which means I have taxed myself with several dollars postage; but to increase, or at least, sustain the present circulation of so valuable an auxiliary in the diffusion of useful information to that portion of the community to which it is addressed, will ever claim of me an active exertion in its behalf.

Our climate is delightful, and our soil surpassingly productive of every variety of grass, and the general face of the country as beautiful as the heart of man could wish, or pen describe. And to place us second to no portion of our country in the quantity and quality of our stocks, will require nothing more than an increase of wealth and enterprise, to co-operate in this measure for a few brief years. Our Jockey Club purses have ever been ridiculously insignificant, varying from $50 to $200, and the payment of these not guaranteed to the winner. I have known persons pay out an entrance of $20 or $30, and receive as the purse a list of $5 subscriptions, from which they could not collect the amount of entrance money for years. That the continuance of such a course must cripple, and ultimately overthrow, the sports of the Turf, is self-evident; for without liberal purses, individuals have no incentive to either breed or train race stocks. Knowing that we were able to get up, and sustain liberally, a race course, if the proper means were used, I suggested to several enterprising gentlemen that a company, composed of some 15 or 20 members, should associate themselves together in the purchase and fitting up of a race course, near Town, which was no sooner mentioned than agreed to. A purchase was forthwith made of a beautiful piece of ground, about a mile south of Town, upon which, in a few days, we will commence improvement, as our subscription is already sufficiently large to insure us complete success in the enterprize. It amounts, with but few days circulation, to about $700, to which we anticipate a considerable increase. Our object is not to turn the track to our individual aggrandizement, but to give the entire profits to be run for, after deducting current expenses.

We have been expecting for the last ten days to see a race closed between D. F. Cooper's *Duke Sumner* and Col. Patton's *Ben Franklin*, for $2000 a-side, Four mile heats. Mr. Cooper made a proposition for the above amount, half forfeit, which Col. Patton is willing to accept if Mr. C. will make the whole sum forfeit. *African* will be invited into this race if it is closed, but I think he will stand aloof. Franklin has run his 2d heat of 4 miles in 7:53, and the Duke is known to be a troublesome customer at all distances, from 1 to 3 miles, having never been tested further, though every confidence is placed in his game by those who know him best. He has a fine turn of speed, and will, I think, go four miles well.

B.

Note by the Editor.—We learn, through an anonymous correspondent, that the owners of *Franklin* and *African* have made a match for $5000 a-side, Four mile heats—to come off over one of the St. Louis courses the ensuing Spring or Fall. We had previously understood that African's friends offered to make a match with Franklin, provided he would run on any other than the Fayette Course, which the latter declined.

MOBILE (Ala.) SPRING RACES,

Commenced over the Bascombe Course on Monday the 11th instant, with a match for $10,000 aside, four mile heats between the friends of Imported Leviathan and Bertrand. What gave increased interest to the contest was the fact that it was literally a contest between Tennessee and Alabama. The annexed report is compiled from the letters of our special correspondent, who furnishes as usual a list of the

Officers of the Club:—HENRY CENTRE, Esq., President; Dr. JOSIAH C. NOTT, Vice President; A. B. CAMMACK, Esq., Treasurer, and Messrs. FREDERICK WEST, and JOHN A. STUART, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries. Timers:—Dr. R. Lee Fearn, Vance Johnston and Thos. E. Leefe, Esqs. Distance Judges:—Charles Lewis and H. P: Ensign, Esqs. Stewards:—H. Monroe, Thos. Brown, John Deas, John P. Todd, Benj. Vincent, and S. V. V. Schuyler, Esqs.

MONDAY, March 11, 1839—Match, $10,000 aside, $3000 ft., Jockey Club weight (100lbs.) on each. Four mile heats.

Col. Thos. Watson's (Thos. J. Well's) ch. c. *The Poney*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	1	1
David Stephenson's br. c. *Melzare*, by Bertrand, dam Sir Richard, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 7:48—7:56.

Both stripped well, and though The Poney was everything his friends could wish, Melzare had the call in the betting. They got away at the first tap of the drum, Melzare giving up the pole in the first half mile—both under a pull; the first mile was run in 2:01—the 2d in 1:58—the 3rd in 1:56, and the 4th in 1:53. The Poney led from end to end, winning cleverly in 7:48, according to the time by the judges, while others made it from 7:47 up to 7:59! One of the official timers asserts that 7:52 was the true time.

Both horses cooled out well, and in the start for the 2d heat Melzare got an advantage of several yards. The Poney closed the gap at his ease, passed, and was never headed. It should be noted that Melzare's jockey was ordered to save him for a brush on the last quarter, in making which, near the distance stand he let down in his left fore leg. There is no denying, however, that The Pony was able to beat him handily, on this day, on every part of the ground. Immense amounts are said to have changed hands upon the result, the Tennesseans have laid it on thick. The winner, if we do not greatly mistake, was bred by Mr. JESSE CAGE, of Gallatin, Tenn., who sold him last season to Col. Watson, for the Messrs. WELLS of Alexandria, La., for $2000.

Our correspondent writes us that the day was fine, and that an unusual excitement pervaded all classes. The citizens of Mobile turned out en masse, so that at 12 o'clock not a horse or carriage was to be had for love nor money. The stands appropriated to the ladies was crowded with the lovely daughters of the sunny South, and the day passed off without a single incident calculated to mar the enjoyment of the thousands in attendance.

TUESDAY, March 12—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $500 each, $300 ft. Two mile heats.

J. J. Burton's b. f. *Galantha*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Andrew Jackson	1	1
David Stephenson's br. c. *George Walton*, by Crusher, dam by Timoleon	2	2
Col. Thos. Watson's b. f. *Willina Herndon*, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster	3	3

Time, 3:55—3:54.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Champagne Stake for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Five subs. at $150 each, $50 ft. The winner to pay 12 dozen of Champagne for the use of the Club. Mile heats.

Thos. J. Wells' gr. f. *Fandango*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gallopade	1	1
David Stephenson's Imp. b. f. *Spatulæ*, by Reveller, out of Gallata by Sultan	2	dis.
J. J. Burton's br. f. *Meg*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bohemoth	3	dr.

Time, 1:52—1:51.

WEDNESDAY, March 13—Jockey Club Purse $500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124 lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3 lbs. Two mile heats.

James S. Garrison's ch. c. *Liberality* (alias Lubber), by Maryland Eclipse, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs	1	1
David Stephenson's br. c. *George Walton*, by Crusher, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs	3	2
John J. Burton's bl. f. *Black Rose*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 3 yrs	2	dis.

Time, 3:52—3:56.

THURSDAY, March 14—Purse $700, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Thos. Watson's (T. J. Wells') ch. f. *Bee's-wing*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Topgallant, 3 yrs	1
D. Stephenson's ch. g. *Dick Beasley*, by Marion, dam unknown, 6 yrs	dist.
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. h. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles, d. by Imp. Magic, 5 yrs	dist.

Time, 5:59. Track heavy, and raining.

The beautiful winner of this race promises to become as distinguished an ornament of the American Turf as her namesake is of the English. A correspondent in to-day's paper (see 32d page) states that she has run more successfully than any 3 yr old in the United States.

The reports of this meeting thus far have been communicated to us daily per Express Mail; we are excessively anxious to learn the result of the Four Mile Day, but shall not receive it until after to-day's paper is printed.

AUGUSTA (Ga.) SPRING RACES.

The following report of the races over the *Lafayette Course*, we compile from the letters of our correspondent and the "Constitutionalist":—

MONDAY, March 4, 1839—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Five subs. at $500 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Griffin Edmonson's ch. f. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, dam by Gallatin	1	1
M. R. Smith's ch. c. *Gov. Butler*, by Argyle, out of Mary Frances by Director	2	2

Time, 1:51—1:50.

This is described as having been a capital race.

TUESDAY, March 5—Purse $400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126 lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

James Palmer's (Dr. Jas. Leveritch's) b. c. *Gano*, by Eclipse, out of Betsey Richards (own sister to John Richards,) by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	2	1	1
Wm. McCargo's ch. m. *Missouri*, by Eclipse, dam by Director, 4 yrs	3	4	2
Loveil & Hammond's Imp. b. f. *Miss Accident*, by Tramp, out of Florestine, by Whisker, 3 yrs	4	3	3
G. Edmonson's gr. f. *Alice Ann*, by Director Junior, d. by Gallatin, 4 yrs	1	2	dr

Time, 3:56—3:47—3:49.

Gano, the gallant winner of this fine race, is a Long Island colt; he was nominated in the great $44,000 stake of last Spring; like half a dozen fine Georgia horses (Hickory John, for instance,) he was bought for a song. A gentleman who saw him a few weeks since at Augusta, informs us that he has fine size and action, and promises to make a crack four mile horse; that he has foot enough is demonstrated by the race just recorded.

We learn that Miss Accident, and Missouri, were if any thing, the favorites, They started in fine style, Alice Ann leading, and went the first round in a gallop—on going the second, Gano, not content with his position, made a bold push at the Director filly, but without success, as she came in ahead by about a length, the other two fillies dropping just within their distance.

The aspect of things now changed a little; there were a few who believed that Alice could win the money, and were willing to back their judgment—but the knowing ones, who were aware that she was only entered to make sport, and that if she did not win the purse in two straight heats she would be withdrawn, kept shy, although they had confidence in her speed and bottom. After cooling off they were all brought up to the stand in fine order, and at the tap got a good start, Alice leading the first mile at a killing pace, closely followed by the field, but when about a third of the second mile was accomplished, Gano made play, and after locking and keeping in that position for some distance, he succeeded in passing her, and came in ahead about a length—Miss Accident and Missouri again dropping within the distance stand

On the third heat Alice was withdrawn, and the betting was principally between Gano and Missouri The start, this heat, was very good, Miss Accident taking the lead for the first mile and a half, when Gano endeavored to shake off his competitor, Missouri, and take the lead, but she stuck close to him, and when they entered the quarter stretch a blanket would have covered the three. No one could name the winner, until they reached the judges stand, when Gano made play, and came in about a length ahead of Missouri—Miss Accident pulling up within the distance stand.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Two subs. a $10 each, and $50 added. Mile heats.

Griffin Edmonson's br. m. *Charlotte Barnes*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. g. *Bunkum*, by Hyazim, dam by Gallatin, 3 yrs	2	2

Time, 1:54—1:57.

WEDNESDAY, March 6—Purse $600, conditions as on Tuesday. Three mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's b. c. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's ch. c. *Gerow*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 5:55—5:52.

Billy Townes put the issue of both heats on a brush—answered the calls upon him like a trump, as he is, and won cleverly.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Three subs. at $10 each, and $50 added. Mile heats.

Lovell & Hammond's ch. g. *Bunkum*, (pedigree above,) 3 yrs	1	1
G. Edmonson's br. m. *Charlotte Barnes*, " " 5 yrs	3	2
J. R. Harrison's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	2	3

Time, 1:53—1:55

THURSDAY, March 7—Purse $1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's (Merritt & Rodgers') Imp. ch. f. *The Queen*, (own sister to *Monarch*,) by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 3 yrs	1	1
Lovell & Hammond's b. f. *Polly Green*, by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham, by John Richards, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 8:02—8:29.

It commenced raining early in the morning and continued to come down in torrents all the day without intermission. The Queen was the favorite at 100 to 75. They both went at it from the score, and kept together for the first two miles, the pace was excellent time, 3:49. Polly now gave up the contest—The Imported filly leaving her upwards of 50 yards behind under a strong pull and came in winning in a canter.

2nd heat. The Queen went off in front and never had occasion to extend herself, and won without a struggle 50 or 60 yds. a head.

FRIDAY, March 8—Proprietors' Purse $400, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. Palmer's ch. m. *Ajarrah Harrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs	3	1	1	2	3	1
Wm. McCargo's b. f. *Jane Hilliard*, by Mons. Tonson, d. by Virginian, 4 y.	5	6	5	1	1	2
G. Edmonson's gr. f. *Alice Ann*, (pedigree above,)	1	2	3	3	4	3
Lovell & Hammond's Imp. b. f. *Florida Hepburn*, by Tramp, dam by Whisker, 3 yrs	6	5	2	3	2	*
J. R. Harrison's b. c. *Ibarrah*, by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs.	2	4	4	dr.		
Maj. T. G. Bacon's ch. c. *Stray Bowe*, by Redgauntlet, dam by Director, 3 yrs	4	3	dist.			

Time, 1:53—1:52—1:55—1:55—1:56—1:54. * Ruled out.

NEW ORLEANS RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE,

Our special reporter having remained at Mobile to send us the result of the Four Mile Day (to come off March 14,) we are indebted to the editors of the "Picayune" for the annexed report of the first day's race over the Eclipse Course, which came off on the 13th. They have our acknowledgments for sending it per Express Mails:—

WEDNESDAY, March 13, 1839—The *New Orleans Plate*, value $700, free for all ages, 3 yr olds to carry 86 lbs.—4 yr. olds, 100 lbs.—5 yr. olds and over to carry only 100 lbs. Two mile heats.

Minor Kenner's br. h. *Richard of York*, by Star, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's s. m. *Fanny Wright*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs	4	2
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs	3	3
Fergus Duplantier's gr. c. *Roderick Dhu*, by Merlin, dam by Bagdad, 4 yrs	2	4
Hon. Thos. W. Chinn's b. h. *Arbaces*, by Bertrand, dam by Rosicrution, 5 yrs	5	dist.

Time, 3:49—3:46.

A damp morning, with every appearance of a steady rain, prevented many from attending, especially among the ladies, large numbers of whom had previously manifested a desire to witness the sports and grace the occasion with their presence. The bad weather, however, was no damper upon the sports, which were interesting and highly exciting.

The contending nags were *Richard of York*, *Fanny Wright*, *Glorvina*, *Roderick Dhu* and *Arbaces*, and all came up apparently in good condition. Betting ran nearly even. The little money staked was nearly all on the two Bertrands against the other three.

At the tap they got off well together. Richard leading at the first turn, Arbaces close up. The first three quarters were run in this way, when Roderick changed places with the Egyptian and took a closer look at him of York—all running in Indian file and open, Fanny last. The same position was kept nearly the whole of the second mile, Miss Wright so far in the rear, that many thought she would be distanced. Roderick Dhu was the contending nag for this heat, but his condition was a shade too high and the weight too heavy for him, Richard winning with ease. Fanny Wright was on the right side of the distance stand notwithstanding the fears of many that she would be left out

Second Heat.—All came up this time in tip top order. Richard never was in finer condition. Again they had a good start, Richard leading while the others were close. On entering the back stretch old Glorvina parted company and made up to Richard, Fanny was at her side in almost no time, barely passed, and she too took a hand in bothering Richard.—The running was now beautiful beyond description. The two mares were almost side and side for a mile, Richard not so far ahead but that he could throw dirt in their eyes at every jump.—The little grey and Arbaces had in the meantime made up a match between themselves and were running some distance in the rear. Near the middle of the back stretch, second mile, Fanny left the old 'un for good and set every limb in motion for a "front seat." She neared Dick on the last turn, and the run home was magnificent. The rider of Richard put him on a diet of silk and steel the whole distance, and administered the heaviest doses of that. The excitement while the nags were coming down increased. "Now Fanny has him," cried one; "Go it Richard" says another; "York, you're wanted," sung out still a third; "Now or never Fanny," and such like expressions were heard on all sides. The distance was too short, however, for her to make up the gap, Dick again winning, in 3m 46s. By many it was said that time was 1 second less; we give the judges time.

HOW D'YE LIKE "THE SPIRIT?"

We see not why we should not occasionally enjoy a little glorification with the rest of our neighbors. It is not often that other journals have an opportunity to puff a sporting paper, but we furnished one a few weeks since, and are glad to find that the press has seized it and is doing us very ample honor. Half for our own satisfaction and self complacency, and half for the advantage of preserving an enduring record of the style of our contemporaries, we snip out of them a score of paragraphs announcing our new volume. We shall rest our defence entirely on this latter ground, when taxed with indelicacy, but would gently insinuate to our readers that there is another motive at the bottom of the business,—viz. being a little doubtful in our minds of the value of our journal, we are determined to convince both writer and reader that the "Spirit" is the best thing going in these degenerate days, and we now point to the opinions of the press for confirmation of this position. Let us premise that the following are such extracts as a modest man may be allowed to print of himself, compared with some dozens which we have on hand, on the same inspiring theme which we read only when alone and by the light of the moon, lest our blushes should cause too violent "a rush of blood to the head." By the last accounts, the new "Spirit," had only reached Augusta in one direction and Pittsburg in the other, so that we have a large store of "complimentaries" to come, should the present dose prove so irrisistible that our readers insist upon another! Wait till PRENTICE or "the Picayune" sees us in our new bib and tucker, and *then* there will be a waste of "writing fluid!" We shant quote them, oh no! *in course* not! not by no manner of means!

From the New York "Courier & Enquirer," March 15.

The Spirit of the Times.—This is decidedly the best sporting journal published in the United States, and should be taken by every sportsman. It is edited with great industry and ability, and is filled with every species of information of interest to the sportsman and the country gentleman. Saturday's number contains two splendid Engravings—one of *Black Maria*, and the other of AUGUSTA. The idea of publishing two such prints on the same day, could only have originated from the conviction that *Black Maria* was as pre-eminently a favorite in her line as the graceful Augusta is *as a dancer*. One thing is certain. The Prints are both true to life, and executed in DICK's best style.

From the Baltimore "Daily Chronicle," March 12.

The New York *Spirit of the Times*—always one of the most spirited, entertaining and racy journals in the world, has lately been greatly enlarged, and is now printed in the most elegant manner, upon new type. The last number was embellished by two splendid engravings—one of AUGUSTA, the celebrated danseuse—and another of the not less famous racing mare Black Maria. These, alone, are worth the price of the year's subscription. Mr. PORTER, the editor of the Spirit of the Times, writes good undefiled English, with a purity which is only to be expected from a scholar, and a ripe and good one. We know of no paper, any where, or of any character, edited with more ability. It is sustained by an ample patronage in this country and in Europe.

From the Philadelphia "Inquirer & Daily Courier," March 13.

The New York *Spirit of the Times.*—The first number of a new volume of this valuable journal, reached us a few days since, and so greatly enlarged and otherwise improved, as to throw its former history and appearance quite in the shade. The "Spirit" has ever been worthy of its name; but under its new and improved form it promises to defy all competition in the way of a journal devoted to the Turf, Field Sports, Literature, and the Stage. The editor is a capital writer, and thoroughly conversant with the duties of his profession. * * * * * We cordially commend this periodical to the attention of gentlemen sportsmen, and of all, indeed, who desire to possess a racy, spirited and graphic mirror of life on the stage, on the turf, and on the water.

From the New Orleans Daily "Picayune."

THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.—This sheet, the best sporting paper in the world, is to be enlarged by the addition of four more pages—price $10 per annum. Eight beautiful steel engravings will be given yearly. * * * * * No paper in this country has so sound a subscription list as the Spirit of the Times, and no editor is more deserving of the liberal encouragement he receives. We have known William T. Porter for years: have hunted and fished with him from one end of the empire state to the other: have been with him on more than one occasion when the qualities of his head and heart have been called into action, and can safely say that a more true hearted gentleman it has never been our good fortune to meet with. He has but one fault that we know of—*he drives too fast down hill.*

From the Cynthiana (Kentucky) "Visiter."

We endorse all the commendations in the above—having no personal knowledge of the solitary fault alluded to by our friend of the Picayune Besides the "Spirit of the Times" being the "best sporting paper in the world," it contains a vast amount of most interesting literary and news matter. The fact is, no gentleman who is an admirer of that noblest of animals, the Horse, and the sports of the Turf, should fail to subscribe for the New York Spirit of the Times. Some score or more of the members of our Jocky Club who are not patrons of the work, should order it forthwith—by the commencement of the new volume at any rate. The price should not be even a secondary consideration. No one will object to the paper on this account, for we are well assured it will be richly worth every cent demanded for it, and ten-fold more. Success to PORTER'S Spirit of the Times, say we.

From the Louisville "Literary News-Letter."

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.—In typographical execution, elegance of design, beauty of material, and taste in arrangement, we have long considered this *spirited* journal in the front rank of the periodical press. In some particulars it has no equal or rival. There is, too, in its editorials, a raciness, a salience, a nervous vigor, which but few periodicals in the country can boast; while its extracts, chiefly from the foreign magazines, are ever selected with taste and discrimination. We commend to our sporting friends this periodical with all our heart. We suppose this is supererogation, however. Every body knows what the "New York Spirit of the Times" is.

From the Baltimore Daily "Republican," March 20.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.—We have received No. 1, vol. IX. of this very valuable publication, greatly enlarged and improved. The present number is embellished with * * * * steel engravings of masterly finish. * * * * * * * The original articles of the Spirit of the Times, display a high order of talent—the selections are of the most interesting character, and its mechanical execution beautifully perfect. To the general reader, but particularly to the lovers of sport, this sheet will be found highly valuable.

From the Charleston Daily "Mercury," March 15.

THE N. Y. "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."—The last number of this admirable periodical comes to us with particular claims to notice. It is the commencement of the ninth volume—is enlarged by the addition of four extra pages, and accompanied by two beautiful engravings, one, of the now celebrated *danseuse* Mademoiselle Augusta, in the character of "La Sylphide," and the other of the famous blood mare, Black Maria in her own native character of the pride of the turf.

The "Spirit of the Times" ia particularly worthy of the patronage of all sportsmen. Its original articles abound in life, fun and valuable information, its selections are made in excellent taste, and the sporting department in the extent, and completeness of its information, gives it a peculiar value. Largely indebted, as we are frequently both to its original and selected articles, a better acknowledgement than this is due—but we are in a hurry. To meet the heavy expense of the enlargement and the costly engravings with which the "Spirit of the Times" is to be hereafter adorned, the yearly subscription has been raised to $10, payable in advance—not too dear.

From the Pittsburg "Evening Visitor," March 9.

The NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is similar in size and general appearance to the ALBION. It is the sporting journal of the United States—the only one of importance in the Union. Its editor, W. T. PORTER, is a rare fellow, who loves a steeple chase or a race ground better than he does his dinner, although something of an Epicurean, as we can of ourself testify, if our Ancient deny the premises. He is about enlarging and otherwise improving his sheet, and intends, so he says, to not only keep up with the rapid march of the age—but to go beyond it. If he says he will, there is no doubt of his doing it, for the cub has enterprise enough to perform impossibilities.

From the Philadelphia Daily "Pennsylvanian," March 18.

NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.—We neglected to mention that the New York Spirit of the Times came to us last week greatly enlarged and improved, and accompanied by two well executed engravings. That paper is conducted with much spirit and ability, devoting itself to sporting intelligence, theatricals, and news generally, and it richly deserves, and doubtless receives, a liberal patronage from those who take interest in such matters. Its *anti-Hamblinism* strikes us as peculiarly deserving of commendation, its recent articles on that subject being full of manliness, power, and correct feeling, though, surprisingly enough, it seemed to stand alone in reference to this among the journals of Gotham.

From the Winchester "Virginian," March 20.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.—The first number of the ninth volume of the "New York Spirit of the Times,"—a paper devoted to the TURF, LITERATURE, and the STAGE,—is before us, and is certainly a most splendid affair. It is enlarged by the addition of four extra pages, (containing now twelve in all) and is printed on linen paper of the finest texture, and on new type. The present number is embellished by a large and beautiful portrait, engraved on steel, of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "La Sylphide," and also with a large steel engraving of the celebrated running mare, BLACK MARIA. Besides these, various other costly engravings on steel and wood, will be given throughout the year.

From the Montreal "Gazette," March 16.

The last number of the *New York Spirit of the Times* begins a new series of that popular and spirited journal. The proprietor, finding his columns too small for the admission of all the *English* and *Amercan* sporting news, has added considerably to the size of the sheet, and will now be able to chronicle every event of any note on the "turf, chase or road." In addition to this improvement, he promises his subscribers several highly finished steel engravings in the course of the year, and as samples of the style in which they will be executed, he has accompanied the first number with a fine likeness of Mdlle. AUGUSTA, as she appears in one of her most striking scenes in *La Sylphide*, while, to please the turfman, there is a highly finished engraving, on steel, by DICK, of the mare "*Black Maria.*"

The *Spirit of the Times*, besides its sporting intelligence, always contains some well-written tales, (principally from the latest English magazines) plenty of green-room chit-chat, and the *on dits* of London, Paris, and New York. Its subscription price, to meet the increased outlay, is raised to ten dollars.

From the Philadelphia "Weekly Messenger."

* * * * The article in the last number of the *Spirit of the Times*, in reference to Hamblin's engagement at the Park Theatre, is, in our opinion worthy of all praise. It is written in a calm, temperate and dignified tone, and the opinions it urges are such as every right-minded man, who is familiar with the facts, must entertain. We agree cordially with the writer in his assertion, that Mr. Simpson,s conduct in engaging Hamblin is a deliberate insult to all the respectable supporters of his theatre, and we hope that it will be properly resented.

From the New York "Albion," March 16.

That admirable journal, the "*Spirit of the Times*," appeared last week much enlarged, in a new type, and with abundant additional matter. It was also accompanied with a beautiful engraving of Madame Augusta. The Spirit of the Times is perhaps the best weekly Sporting journal extant, aud in addition to its new features, it is about to give to its numerous readers occasional plates of the best and most favorite horses, one of which, *Black Maria*, has already appeared. No true Sportsman can be without the Spirit of the Times.

From the N. Y. Daily "Times and Commercial Intelligencer," March 13.

"*The Spirit of the Times*" of Saturday contained two handsome engravings.

The designs on the *cover* of the Spirit of the Times are in excellent taste, and exceedingly beautiful. We understand that this paper has a very large and rapidly augmenting circulation.

From the Philadelphia daily "Herald and Sentinel," March 12.

The New York Spirit of the Times has been enlarged and, (what is not always the same thing,) considerably improved. Two large and very fine steel engravings accompany the present number. * * * These alone, in our estimation, will be worth more than the year's subscription.

A WORD FOR THE BREEDERS OF OLD SUMNER.

GALLATIN, (Tenn.) Feb. 8th, 1839.

Mr. P.—Being in the midst of the winter's blast, there is nothing doing with us, as regards that manly and gentlemanly amusement, the Sports of the Turf, to which *Sumner County*, from the earliest period, has been, and continues to be, so much devoted. Every week brings us your valuable sheet, which is a rich delicacy, amidst the common fare of our table. Like the old soldier, we sit by the fire-side, and talk of comrades of former days; the battles they have fought, and victories won. We talk of those now on the field. and of those who are to come after them. In these discussions we exhibit the feelings common to man, when we maintain that our county, Sumner, has produced, is producing, and will continue to produce, as good, and as many race nags, as any county in the United States.

As to the first class, we with enthusiasm refer *cum multum aliis*, to Hayne's *Maria*, *Tennessee Oscar*, *Monsieur Tonson*, and last, but by no means least, *Betsey Malone*. What County can say that they have done more? It is believed not one.

As to the race nags that are now on the Turf, bred in Sumner, she stands in a more questionable position, yet prominent. There is *Linnet*, who, though beaten, is frequently victorious; *Exotic*, and the *Queen of Trumps*, one 4, the other 3 years old, last Spring. They did not appear publicly this winter at New Orleans, the Newmarket of America, although there; they being in bad condition, in consequence of their runs last summer in Tennessee; neither has ever been beaten, each winning mile, two mile, and four mile heats. There is *Zelina*, out of the sister of Betsey Malone, having run with great distinction in the South. At the last meetings at New Orleans, she won the three mile and two mile days—and closed her campaign, by achieving a splendid victory over the justly celebrated *Wagner*, the four mile day.

Although I may be laughed at for the present, yet I encounter that hazard, and point you to *Sarah Bladen*, as a race nag; she stands covered with disgrace, but the time awaits her when a victorious wreath shall encompass her brow. I will point you to *Bee's-wing*, as one of the most promising 3 yr. olds in the United States. Although I am a constant reader of the "Spirit of the Times," which I may here remark is the life's blood of the Turf, yet I do not file it, and therefore cannot run the comparison, yet I believe that she has run more races, and at all distances, and more successfully, than any 3 year old in the United States. If I am mistaken in this, you will correct me. [We cannot agree with our correspondent in opinion, as to this very fine mare, but have no idea of provoking a long discussion, by making comparisons.] I here give you a brief account of her running:—She won the 2 yr. old stake at Nashville, Fall of 1837, $800; the 3 yr. old stake, mile heats, Nashville Spring Meeting of 1838, $1200; same meeting, best 3 in 5, $300; two mile heats' day, at Franklin Spring Meeting, $150; a stake of mile heats at Columbus, Miss., Fall Meeting, $300; two mile heats at same meeting, $300; the match of $5000 aside, four mile heats, over the Metarie Course, last December; a few days afterwards, three mile heats, over the Louisiana Course, $1800; closing that race in 5:49, and not fully up, being the best time made at New Orleans this winter. Thus having ran, through Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana, eight races, winning about $10,000 in stakes, purses, and matches, and her virgin honor as yet untarnished by defeat.

Bee's-wing is jointly owned by Col. **Guild**, of Sumner, and Messrs. **Wells**, of Alexandria, La. By the former gentleman she was purchased in her 2 year old form, of A. B. **Newsom**, at $2000, in which purchase the Hon. B. **Peyton** was jointly interested. After her race at Nashville, in the Spring, Mr. Peyton sold his half to Col. **Watson**, for the Messrs. Wells, at $1500. Col. Guild's half is now for sale. There are other prominent nags bred in Sumner now on the Turf, which I have not mentioned. The foregoing notice, however, is sufficient to shew that Sumner has not lost her occupation.

Then as to things that are to come, Col. **Geo. Elliott** has some very promising things about him; among others I might mention a gray 2 year old filly out of *Hibernia*. She is largely backed by the veteran and his friends, against the full sister of *Angora*, owned by **Thos. Barry**, Esq., they being engaged in the $1000 stake, 22 entered, which comes off the Fall of 1840. The latter filly is very much of the mould of Angora, with the exception of not having such a broad breast, her legs coming out more like those of the rabbit. Col. Elliott has three very promising full brothers of Sarah Bladen, while Mr. Barry has another full sister of Angora, one year old. Col. Guild has two very promising three year olds, one a colt out of *Proserpine*, which won, in good style, the 2 yr. old stake last Fall at Gallatin, and is now a prominent favorite in the Wylie stake of 24 entries, which comes off next Fall, at Gallatin; the other, a filly, is nearly allied to Zelina, being by the same horse, out of her dam's sister. He purchased her of Mr. **Wesley Malone**, last Fall, at $1100. His colt ran under the title of *Dr. Duncan*, shewing that he promised to make as good a race nag, as the talented Doctor is a statesman, after whom he was named. Since then, Mr. **John Malone**, who trained him, and was a devoted friend of his owner, a man of acute observation, great strength of intellect, and of the purest honor, being deceased, Col. Guild has entitled his colt *John Malone*.

Jesse Cage, C. **Lewis**, **Wm. M. Blackmore**, B. **Peyton**, G. W. **Parker**, &c. &c. have likewise some good ones coming on, with all of whom it is expected that the elevated position that Sumner has hitherto maintained on the Turf, will be still sustained.

D.

Agricultural.

PRACTICAL FARMING AND GARDENING.

A very capital English work has fallen into our hands, entitled "**The Oracle of Rural Life**, an Almanac for Sportsmen, Farmers, Gardeners, and Country Gentlemen, for the year 1839." It contains a vast amount of information adapted to the wants of Farmers and Gardeners, and is equally useful as a text book for Turfmen, Breeders, and the lovers of Field and Rural Sports generally. It is a work of over 100 pages, printed on very fine type, and embellished with fourteen beautiful etchings on steel, of sporting subjects. The articles on *Practical Farming* were furnished by "**Nimrod**"—those on *Gardening*, etc. by Mr. **Warden**, late Editor of the Farmer's Journal, and those on *Country Sports* by "Nimrod" and "Tom Oakleigh," author of "The Oakleigh Shooting Code." The work has just been received from England, and we give to-day the Guide to Farmers and Gardeners for the months of January, February, and March. Many of the suggestions are very valuable, and every paragraph will be read with interest, though referring to months that are past. Hereafter, we shall publish each Monthly Guide in its proper order, including the treatises on Shooting, Fishing, etc., each in its proper season:—

JANUARY GUIDE FOR FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

The Farm.—This is by no means an unimportant month to farmers. Whatever winter-ploughing may remain to be done should be no longer delayed, that the land may have the advantage of the frost, naturally to be expected at this season. As in warm climates the soil is meliorated by the sun, it is no less benefited by frost in cold ones. Its actions on clay soils is remarkable, in rendering them loose and friable; but they should not be ploughed up when wet, water acting on them as cement. Then there is another reason why winter-ploughing should be completed in December. The teams should now be at liberty to cart out dung from the farm-yard; chalk or marl from the pits; corn to market; and so forth. But one word about ploughing. Generally speaking, a deeper furrow than is commonly made is very often desirable, and the practice is every day gaining ground. The advantages are manifest: roots extend far where they meet with no resistance, and the growth above the surface corresponds with that below. Thus it is with trees; the greater the proportion the surface of the roots bears to that of the tree, the greater is the vigor of the tree, and the better is it able to resist the attacks of an unkindly season. Draining and forcing must be performed in this month, and attention paid to the water-furrows of all ploughed land and seeds, so that no water overflows them. Water-meadows, likewise, require care. As a guard against severe frost, they should be kept flooded, but when a coat of ice is formed, the flooding should not be continued.

Cattle of all sorts require attention during the January month; they must be kept both clean and warm; inasmuch as no animal thrives in distress. For this purpose the thrashers should be kept at work to meet the demand for straw, at the same time that they should be looked to, to guard against their leaving corn in the straw, when the work is done by hand. If by machine, oxen are preferable to horses to turn it, their stride being more equable, and the expense of keep less. The chaff and turnip cutters should be also kept freely going during this month, both for feeding and store cattle, and if the breeding of horses form part of the system pursued, the oat binn must be freely resorted to; and above all things, keep them well bedded down and warm. Half the false points in horses are the result of a deficiency of food and exposure to ungenial weather.

Ewes will now require turnips, those, at least, which are forward in lamb. As there is no good farming on land that will carry them, without turnips and sheep, we may conclude that the supply of the former for the use of the latter is now justly estimated, and that all good farmers can carry on their stock, fat and lean, until spring grass arrives, without having much resource to hay-ricks; those, however, who have made a reserve of rowen or aftermath in their feeding pastures, will be best off, especially in the lambing season, which is now fast approaching.

Cows, well kept, will pay for what they eat; they will produce milk in proportion, and butter and veal now bear the best price. Such is also the case with feeding beasts intended to come out in the spring; let them be pushed on with all speed; the better the food, the sooner will they be fat, and consequently the more valuable they will prove.

Kitchen Garden.—Prepare for all sowing and planting. If this had been done in December, it would have been better. The ground is always now too moist for putting a seed in. If you choose to sow Peas, though it is a bad practice, sow them early enough. You will get snow in January, which March seldom brings, and February never to stop on the ground, which is the great virtue of snow. Snow is the best covering for a garden we are acquainted with for the winter months. Every chemist can explain the reason why, though every chemist is not a gardener. Ridge your land, and do that which few do—let your manure be mixed up with it as you ridge it. Manure is not worth a rush until it is decomposed, and it takes at least two months to bring the best manure into that state. If your hedges are old, splash them down, and do not spare a few shillings to procure the best man in the village. Many delay this operation until March: our advice is, do it in January, and what they do in America proves this advice to be judicious. Cucumbers are forced by the more ambitious during all the winter. We do not recommend it for the amateur; it is expensive and troublesome, and the next month will bring equally forward. If people, however, will be so anxious for luxuries out of season, which are never good except in season, they should prepare their beds at least two months previously. They will, however, find it rather difficult to keep the heat up; and if the heat is kept up, they will find the steam above par. All cool esculents may be sown. Those who are particular may sow lettuces. Strawberries may be potted, and they will come rather early. The careful gardener will now thin his Raspberry-canes, and leave the strongest. Earth up Celery; the earth falls strangely away from it this month, or if planted in trenches, soddens down equally. If the weather prove frosty, leave most things alone; if it turn out damp and muggy, you must have your hands as busy as bees in looking after the slugs, &c.

Flower Garden—Carnations.—Keeping Carnations clean from all dead leaves, grass about the roots, &c., is all you can do this month. The same for the Auricula. We should not attempt a Dahlia, unless we had a stove, warm green-house, or a pit remarkably well heated. Tulips, in ordinary seasons, will break at the point, but are generally checked so backward by the weather, that they keep snug in the ground, and require very little attention. If they do require attention, except in the case of a favorite root, let them go.

FEBRUARY GUIDE FOR FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

The Farm.—This is a busy month with farmers. Ploughing for beans and barley becomes general, and planting the former should not be long delayed, to secure a well-ripened crop. Dibbling beans by hand is now becoming obsolete, the drill being found a saving both of seed and labour, and equally to answer the purpose of a crop. At eighteen inches between the rows, the horse hoe can be effectually used, although, if the land be not quite clean, once hand-hoeing is advisable. If beans rise too close together, the plants grow to a great height, but carry little seed, and that not well matured, owing to the exclusion of sun and air. Leguminous plants not being extensive robbers of land, are, on that which is good, considered proper to precede wheat, and for this reason: the land being manured for beans, has sufficient strength to bring the wheat crop to maturity the following year, without producing a superabundance of straw, always accompanied by a deficiency in the ear, in cases where the soil is too rich from recent manuring. A loamy clay is the best soil to grow beans. If sown after wheat, it should only be on land that had been well fallowed for wheat; but it will be observed, that by the use of the horse hoe to drilled beans, they are made an auxiliary to summer fallow, a point of great importance, as it is proved that too frequent deep ploughing exhausts land by the escape of the gasseous fluid, which forms part of the food of plants.

Towards the end of this month, some portion of turnip land will always be ready for being tilled, for barley and spring wheat must now be sown, if sown at all; if later, it is much given to blight. We do not advise the sowing of oats in this month, being liable to be cut off by late frosts; but peas of a hardy early sort, on land ploughed before winter, may now be planted by the drill, and horse-hoed in the same way as beans. They will in this case occasionally come off early enough in the summer to admit of turnips succeeding them the same year, thus stealing a crop which in itself is rather beneficial than otherwise.

Fences, roads, drains, ditches, and water-meadows, now require attention, as well as orchards and hop-gardens. This is indeed the ordinary month, together with March, for planting hop-grounds, as those of March and April are for pruning and dressing them, the stirring having been performed in the winter months. The manuring of grass lands, should now be finished, for which purpose composts of lime, earth, and stable dung should be provided. Marling must also be finished this month.

Live stock in February demand the farmer's care, especially ewes expected to drop their lambs. The shepherd must not absent himself long either by day or by night, and well-littered folds should be prepared, or loss will ensue from the usual severity of the season. As turnips will now be getting dry, the value of rouen is incalculable, where the flock is large. Cows will likewise be dropping their calves this month, and if intended for the butcher, they cannot do so at a better time, as veal sells well during the two succeeding months. They should be well fed, and if they are of the right sort for suckling, that is to say, if they give much milk, but not of a rich quality, each will make fat from two and a half to three calves during the summer. Let great attention be paid to mares with foal, and also to yearling colts. As the former will be near foaling, let them be made secure from accidents, and also from noxious smells, which are apt to produce abortion.

Continue to repair hedges, plant oziers, willows, and other aquatics; lop trees where wanting, and pay attention to water-furrows and ditches, should much rain fall. Top-dress wheat if necessary, and get rid of house-fed lambs, that the ewes may get fresh in condition by the time the pastures and leys are ready for them. Bees in hives require attention throughout this month.

Kitchen Garden.—You may now commence sowing Lettuce-seed; if your house fronts partly south, the borders under parlour or drawing-room windows are the best places as a nursery to pick from. As a general principle, never sow Lettuces in a hot-bed, but in a warm sheltered border, and prick out into a hot-bed. On dry days gather the earth to your Celery. If your land is either very rich or wet, deep trenches are bad. Half the Celery grown ten miles beyond London is either cankered or rotted by them, and it is as easy to earth up as to earth in. Sow Cucumber-seed in hot-beds, but take care that the steam does not injure the plants on the one hand, and that the earth does not become too dry on the other. They must have air occasionally, and the heat of the beds must be kept up through the month. Sow Carrot and Spinach-seed. If you have any Cauliflower plants under frame, draw the glasses down whenever the weather is open and mild. Transplant such Cabbages as you desire seed from. Prepare your ground for Onions; soot, or common kennel-muck (or sludge, as it is called in some places,) is the best manure for them. Sow Raddish-seed, of course, from this time every fortnight, until you find the earth become so hot as to grow them sticky. Sow Dwarf Kidney Beans, also the early Brocoli-seed. Begin with your Peas, the Early Frame Pea first; and, as a general rule, select your sorts larger in succession. The careful and tidy gardener will also stick the rows the same time that he sows. The Mazagan Bean, and even the Windsor, may now be put into the ground for a first crop, but avoid crowding them. Many a crop is spoiled from a niggardly desire of making the most of the ground. Potatoes may be planted, if you have a situation where they can be conviently protected. The Ash-top Kidney is the best and surest for this season of the year we have yet met with. Plant bits of Horse-radish; but of all things, plant them in regular rows, and take care that none of the bits are scattered in the garden, for they are a most invincible nuisance for years if they once get into a place where they are not wanted. Sow Parsley, Shallots, Garlick, &c. Melons you may treat in the same way as Cucumbers, with this exception, that they should be planted out somewhat thinner. For instance, if your ground will bear three cucumber plants in a set, it will only bear two melon plants.

Mushroom-beds must be kept warm and dry; nothing can be more clumsy than the way in which they are usually littered over; the proper way is this: Have light frames made in the shape of a common hurdle, and weave through the rails bats or bundles of long straw which has been through a threshing machine. You may, by covering your beds with these, instead of groping by hand and spoiling three times as many mushrooms as you gather, bare seven feet of the bed at once, and carefully select all that are fit to take.

Flower Garden.—Plant Ranunculuses, also Anemonies, if not done the previous autumn. Balsams may be sown in pots if you have cucumber frames to place them in. Tulips must be well covered; and, both in the kitchen garden and flower garden, look well after the slugs.

A few Heartsease may be stuck in small pots, if you can keep them from frost and wind. The limited operations of this month also affording us some space, we will detail the mode recently adopted of securing a constant succession of bloom on the Heartsease during the summer. In the previous September prepare a bed of rich mould with rotten manure. If the mould be at all tenacious, mix a little sand with it to prevent it clotting about the roots of the plants, which may at once be set, nine inches asunder, preferring young plants struck from cuttings, or the small side-shoots from the roots. The flowers will begin to show in April, when the surface-soil must be broken up gently and pulverized, and care should be taken that the earth never gets dry, but be kept, either by showers or the watering-pan, in a regular state of moisture.

MARCH GUIDE FOR FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

The Farm.—Business becomes brisk in March, and if a dry month, much will be gone through by the help of increased hours of daylight. On forward soils, barely sowing, at all events ploughing for it, becomes general, and it is the principal period for sowing oats; it is also, from its drying winds, peculiarly adapted to paring and burning, which, although not to be recommended generally, is in some cases indispensable. Fallowing for turnips also now becomes general; but why do we continue to see so much of this work done by three and four horses in a plough, when two are all that are necessary? Why did the celebrated Mr. Gregg, of Coles, Herts, produce such crops as were never produced before on clay lands, but by avoiding the treading of it by heavy horses following each other in a string? Why is it that more than two horses in a plough are not to be seen, under any circumstance, in the north of England, where the best farming prevails?

Of out-of-door work, the following are the principal operations:—Sowing oats, and if on land ploughed before Christmas, now only harrowed in. If the surface soil has been sufficiently mellowed for the reception of the seed, it would be a pity to bury it again by a second ploughing. Almost all grain thrives best when deposited in a stale furrow. Turnip fallow should now receive a second earth. Ground intended for cabbages should be ploughed. Cabbages are excellent food for milch cows in winter, and if hay or good straw is intermixed with them, no ill flavor is imparted to the milk. Peas should now be sown in drills, or land ploughed before Christmas; and remember, they love a warm, dry soil, white ones especially. This is the season for sowing spring tares, which also rejoice in a stale furrow, and for clover and rye-grass, among wheat, if after summer fallow, or on land in high condition from other means. Of tares, however, there should be a succession of crops, inasmuch as lucerne being unfortunately out of vogue with English farmers, tares and red clover are the principal means of soiling horses and cattle in the summer months. They are also excellent food for sheep. Summer fallowing land, planting mangel wurzel, and sowing carrots, hand or horse-hoeing, and rolling wheat, dunging plentifully land for potatoes, burning couch grass, attention to water-furrows, and the finishing of hedging and ditching, are the concluding operations of the March month.

One word, however, about sowing oats. Farmers commit a great mistake when they appropriate worn-out land to this crop: the very nature of the crop forbids the practice. Oats are great robbers of land, which at once implies that they must meet with something to rob, or perish in the attempt. It is much more profitable to sow them only on land in good condition, that is to say, after some fallow crop. Another error is fallen into as to carrots: it is believed that a sandy soil alone is fit for this vegetable. It is true, a sandy loam is what it most delights in, still any land short of strong clay may be made fit for carrots by deep ploughing or trenching. At all events the deepest furrow that can be taken must be had recourse to; but beware of dunging the land the year the seed is sown, as in this case the roots are very apt to be scabby. A turnip fallow fed by sheep answers admirably, and no crop is more advantageous to the farmer. There is a well-attested fact of twenty horses, four bullocks, and six milch cows, having been fed for seven months on the produce of three acres of this root, together with a small daily portion of hay, and thirty hogs were kept in good condition on the refuse.*

Live stock always demand attention, and never more than in this month. Fodder becomes dry and profitless. Some stock, then, should be well supplied with turnips, cabbages, or carrots. Feeding cattle should be forced with oil-cake and grain, as turnips now loose much of their virtue; cart horses should be well fed, their work being severe, and more so in prospect, and cart colts should be broken in to the plough a few hours per day, when they will become useful to replace the mares that may foal in the several approaching months.

Grass lands must now be laid up, dressed, and rolled, ant-hills spread, &c. Continue planting quicksets, osiers, &c, and lopping trees; sell off fat sheep from turnips, and put ewes and lambs on the earliest grass on the farm. Sow spring vetches, and dung the ground for potatoes, which may be planted on some soils. Flax-seed and artificial grasses may be sown this month.

Kitchen Garden—The operations in the kitchen garden for March are so similar to those for the preceding month, that there are few subjects for additional remark. Sow your Onions for the main crop; and here we may caution the uninitiated always to save their own seed. Onion-seed, unlike most other seeds, looses much of its germinating power even in a year, and there is hardly any buying it unadulterated with seed of an older growth. Onions are a tedious crop to manage, on account of the minute weeding which they require; but the trouble is comparatively nothing if constantly wrestled with. Indeed, the man who would keep his garden neat, should never see a weed in an onion or any other bed, without instantly plucking up the intruding rascal by the roots. In the early part of this month, or as soon as the ground is dry enough to enable you to pick out the weeds clean, dig your ground over for the main crop of Potatoes. This digging should be done with a three-pronged fork, not with a spade, because the spade cuts the twich, the minutest atom of which will perpetuate itself. Use a spade when you set your Potatoes, but in digging over use the fork. Plant out Cabbage, green and red, and sow early Dutch Turnip-seed. If you are forward with your Cucumbers, they will begin to show flower; and here you may assist nature by art. The Cucumber is one of those vegetables which bear the male and female flower separate, but on the same plants. You may tell the female by the embryo cucumber attached to it. Take the male flower and rub gently the farina of it upon the female as soon as it appears fully blown. You will thus haste and secure its impregnation, and of course the fruit which arises from it.

Over the wall-fruit trees which are in bloom, hang netting to protect them during the night, and even by day, if the weather is either frosty or windy. Netting is so cheap now, that the expense is hardly a consideration, for it may be bought in London at three half-pence the square yard, and with care, that is, by putting it away dry, will last for years. Gather all the weeds and rubbish you can together, and burn them so that the wind may carry the smoke along your walls, to destroy insects, &c.

Flower Garden.—This is the month when the florist has to exercise his utmost attention and care. It is the month when a war seems to be carried on between weather and vegetation. Taking an average (if an average can be taken) of March months, we should say—

Tulips.—Break up the surface of your beds, carefully avoiding to injure the root. If moderate rains, they require no water; and if, as oftener happens in March than in the succeeding month, the nights promise not to be frosty, leave them uncovered.

Dahlias.—Look at your Dahlias in pots, and see that they are not pot-bound. Give those which have struck plenty of room in the pot. If the weather proves adverse, a slight heat will do good to the forward as well as the backward; but great delicacy is required in this operation.

Keep Auriculas from cold. See that Camellias have plenty of water. Pot your Carnations in an earth as rich as possible; but it ought to have been prepared at least a year beforehand so that the manure in it shall be perfectly decomposed.

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* At Parlengtin, in Yorkshire. Particulars furnished to the President of the Royal Society, Edinburg.h

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB.

THE Second Meeting of the New Club, Spring 1839, will take place over the Norfolk Course on Monday, 1st day of April next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

Second day—Ladies' Purse $500, with an inside stake of $300 each, $100 ft., for 4 yr. olds, Three mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

[d22-t1a] EDWARD J. WILSON, Proprietor.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

TO THE BREEDERS AND TURFMEN OF THE SOUTH AND WEST.—A portion of the Stud of Horses belonging to Col. **John Heth**, of Virginia, will be sold for cash at Lexington, Ky., during the ensuing Spring Meeting. Among them are the following, of the most approved and fashionable stock.

1. *Chesnut Mare*, 6 yrs. old, by Sir Charles, out of Brenda (the dam of the celebrated race-horse and stallion, Collier,) by Young Whip, the son of Old Whip, owned by Mr. Cook of Kentucky: his dam by Old Medley, and her dam a Medley mare.
2. *Drunken Frolic*, out of Brenda by Sweet Larry, he by Sir Alfred, out of a full sister to old Sir Archie.
3. A —— *Mare*, 4 yrs. old, by Andrew (the sire of Balie Peyton), out of No, 2.
4. *Chesnut Colt*, 3 yrs. old, by Hotspur (the sire of Mazeppa), out of No. 2.
5. *Bay Filly*, 2 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of No. 2.
6. *Chesnut Horse*, by Sir Charles, out of Mr. Wickham's Tariff mare.
7. That beautiful stallion *Ormond*, one of the handsomest sons of Sir Charles, out of an Alfred mare.

☞ Several other horses, mares, &c., will be offered for sale at the same time, whose pedigrees and ages, in consequence of Col. Heth's absence in England, cannot now be obtained, but a full and authentic account of everything relating to the stock, will be ready by the day of sale.

Richmond, Va., Feb. 27, 1839. [m2.]

RACING STABLE FOR SALE.

THE following Thorough-bred Stock will be sold on reasonable terms, if early application is made (*post paid*) to the subscriber, at Macon, Marengo County, Alabama. Their stock is of the purest kind, as the Am.Turf Register, and Spirit of the Times, can testify, and I refer to those periodicals for their performances.

No. 1. HORTENSE, b. m., 7 yrs. old this Spring; was got by the great Pacific, out of Bet Bozley by Little Wonder—a winner of 16 or 17 races out of 24, at all distances. Now stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 2. PACTOLUS, ch. h., by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, 5 yrs. old this Spring. He broke down last winter in New Orleans, running with Bee's-wing and Pollard. His pedigree and indomitable game ought to make him a valuable stallion.

No. 3. ZELINA, b. m., by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, (full sister to Betsey Malone), 6 yrs. She beat last Fall the celebrated Wagner, the renowned Pressure, the victorious Linnet, and others. She has recovered from the effects of her extraordinary campaign, and in good hands will repeat *the trick* next winter.

No. 4. MARIA BLACK (imp.), br. m., 5 yrs., by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko. She is winner of five out of six races, at from 2 to 4 mile heats.

No. 5. *Rhinodino*, b. h., by Wild Bill dam by Imp. Dion, 5 yrs.—a winner of four out of six races; now in training.

No. 6. *Czarina*, gr. f., by Imp. Autocrat, out of Aurora by Arab, 4 yrs.—winner of three out of four races; now in training.

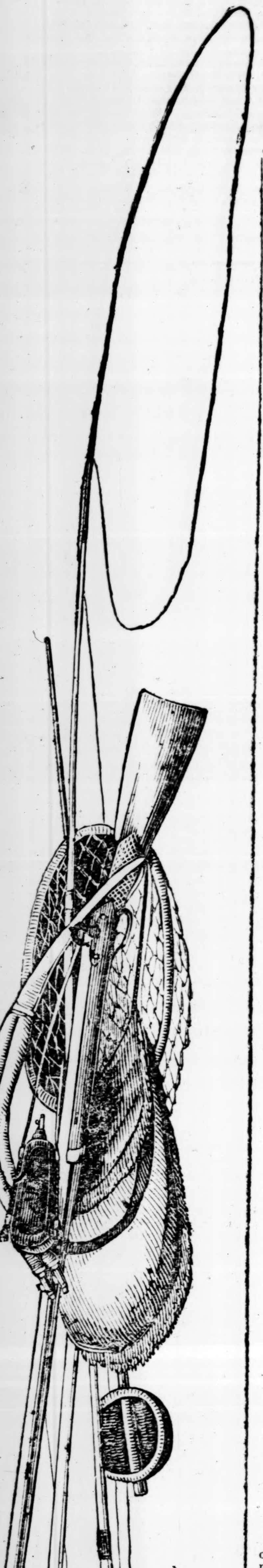
No. 7. *Alabama*, b. f., by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lucy Gwynn by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Kate Kearney and Sussex, 4 yrs. old; now in training.

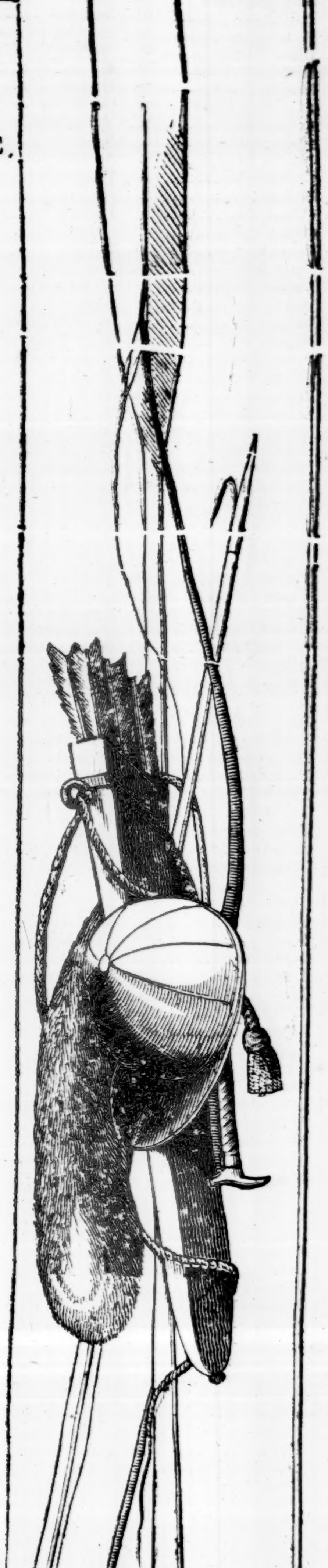
No. 8. *John Howard*, b. c., by Pacific, out of Matilda by Grey-tail, (the dam of Country Maid, Red Doe, John Anderson, and Selie Doe,) 3 yrs. He is in training and very promising.

No. 9. *Cinderella*, b. f., Full sister to Pactolus, 3 yrs.—in training and very promising. One half for sale.

No. 10. *Bob Logic*, bl. c., by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Johnson by Trafalgar, 4 yrs. old, and 16 hands high—untried.

Macon, Marengo Co., Ala., Feb. 15, 1839.—[m2-4t] HENRY A. TAYLOE.





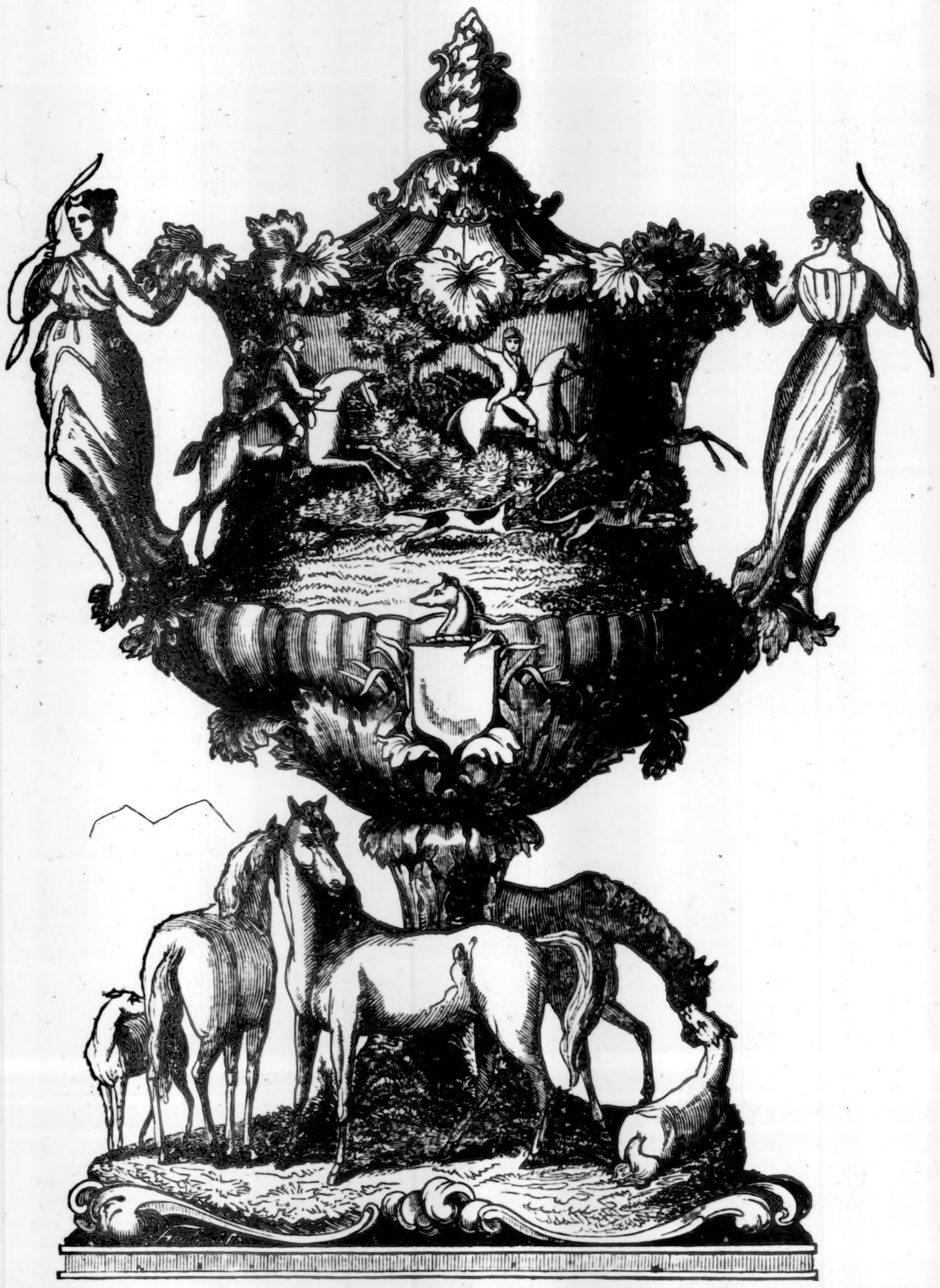
NEW VOLUME FOR 1839.

The New-York Spirit of the Times,

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, FIELD SPORTS, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
AND EMBELLISHED WITH VERY LARGE
IMPERIAL QUARTO ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL,
OF DISTINGUISHED HORSES, EMINENT ACTORS, &c.



The Ninth Volume of this periodical commenced on the 9th of March, 1839. It is now one of the very largest weekly papers in America,, consisting of twelve immense quarto pages, instead of eight, as hitherto. The present volume will be illustrated by SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS, of the most costly description, on STEEL PLATES of the largest size; two of the series were published in the first number of the volume,—one being a Fancy Portrait of AUGUSTA, the beautiful and celebrated *danseuse*, in the character of *La Sylphide*,—the other a Portrait of MR. STEVENS' famous BLACK MARIA, celebrated as the best Four Mile mare of her day at the North, and the conqueror of *Trifle* in the great Twenty Mile race on Long Island. Portraits of JOHN BASCOMBE, of MINGO, and of Imported MONARCH, will follow Black Maria, and other subjects, both Sporting and Theatrical, will be selected to continue the series, which will thus form a beautiful and interesting GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS. The engravings will be the largest ever given in an American periodical, those already published being, one, thirteen inches by fifteen, and the other, fourteen by eighteen. They will be all elaborately and richly finished, and printed on a large fine sheet, to accompany the paper. Care will be taken that they are so secured for transmission by the mails, that they may reach their destination without injury, and be suitable for framing. The body of the paper itself will be illustrated by fine WOOD ENGRAVINGS of Racing and Sporting Cups, Designs of celebrated Race Courses, and Etchings of Horses, on the plan of "Bell's Life in London," of which the Race Cup annexed is a specimen.

The "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" will continue to be primarily and essentially devoted to the AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF. Under this general head will be embraced a complete *American Racing Calendar* for the current year, and full reports of the Newmarket, Doncaster, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Liverpool and Chester Race Meetings in England, and such others as may be interesting from the character of the horses engaged, or other circumstances.

A List of the WINNING HORSES of the preceding year will be published, arranged in Four Distinct Tables,—one of Four Mile Winners, one of Three, one of Two, and one of One Mile Winners. These tables show at a glance the winner of every race of the last year, his Age, Color, Pedigree and Owner, the Prize won, the Weight carried, the Time made, and the Horses Beaten by him, together with the date and place of the race, and a reference to the page of the preceding volume where the race was originally published. The first, or table of Four Mile Winners, appeared in the 2d number, and it comprises all the foregoing particulars of the Four Mile races ran in America during the year 1838. These Tables are compiled with infinite care and labor, and at great expense; they are of constant practical use, and increase in value every year. A List of *English Winning Horses* for the same year will also be published in the volume, arranged in the English form.

A Table of *American Trotting Horses*, with the Age, Color, Owner, Time made, Weight carried. Horses Beaten, &c. &c., will be published in this volume, and in addition there will be published an abstract of every Great TROTTING Performance in America for several years back, with especial reference to the time made. This abstract has been composed from several authentic sources, and will be extremely interesting as the only complete record of American Trotting ever attempted. A Table of American *Stallions* in the usual form will also appear in an early number of the volume, and will be found convenient for breeders as designating the age, color, pedigree, owner, place and price of standing, of nearly every distinguished stallion in America.

These are but the leading features of the TURF department of the paper, of which the others can only be enumerated in brief. They comprise a complete record of all Importations and all Sales of Blood Stock,—Sweepstakes, Racing and Trotting Matches, and Racing Appointments,—Essays on Breeding and Training,—Pedigrees and Performances of Distinguished Horses,—with all the current News and On Dits in Sporting Circles, both at home and abroad. And to complete the Sporting Department, full details, original and selected, will be given upon all manly pastimes, as Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, Yachting and Boating, Pedestrian and other Athletic and manly Sports. There is only room thus casually to notice these subjects, which are favorite themes, and will ever be entertained at length.

Another part of the design of the paper will embrace an *Agricultural Department*, designed to promote the interest and minister to the instruction of *Breeders of* FINE CATTLE, SHEEP, etc.

The next prominent department is the THEATRICAL page, constantly devoted to original Criticisms of the Drama, and notices of the New York Theatres,—*Green Room Intelligence*, derived from an extensive theatrical correspondence maintained with every city in the Union, and by which the paper is already favorably known and widely circulated in theatrical circles. The ENGLISH STAGE, now so blended with our own by a community of actors and of plays, will receive such notice as to keep the reader constantly apprised of any new or amusing incident it may furnish.

Again, selections will be constantly made from the periodicals of this country and of England, and thus be formed a lively and elegant literary department, occupying several pages. And here the design of the Editor will be to select such articles only as are witty and light, spirited and interesting, such articles, for example, as he has formerly culled from the *Pickwick Papers*, the *Yellow-Plush Correspondence, Major Gahagan's Reminiscences*, and the like. The English magazines, all of which of any celebrity are regularly received, will furnish a full supply of such matter.

In the last place, an effort will be made to give the paper character as an amusing, piquante journal, by devoting much room to remarks upon the Incidents of the Day, the Gossip of the Town, Humorous Police Reports, and such clever witticisms as fall within the observation of the Editor. This portion of the paper will be aided by numerous selections, not occupying much room, but sure to be amusing, from English newspapers, of which a very large supply is received at the office, including a good many not taken by any other establishment, and only seen in this country by some rare chance.

For all these varied departments ample room is secured by the immense size of the present sheet, which for beauty of typographical execution and general elegance of arrangement, is second to none in the Union.

No local agents being employed by the Proprietors, gentlemen wishing the paper can order it through their Postmasters, or remit by mail. A number of Files from the commencement of the volume will be preserved for New Subscribers. This course is adopted, as the valuable STATISTICAL TABLES of the paper nearly all appear in the early part of the year. Subscribers wishing extra copies of the large Engravings will be supplied at one dollar each.

TERMS—For One Year's Subscription in advance, $10—For Six Months' do. in advance, $5. For Advertising One Square (22 lines), first insertion, $5—Every subsequent insertion, $1.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1839.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

NAMES.	COL.	SIRE.	DAM.	PLACE OF STANDING.	SEA.	INS.	OWNER OR AGENT.
Ainderby, *Imp*	ch.	Velocipede	Kate, sister to Nonplus, by Catton	Near Mount Pleasant, Tenn	75	100	Lucius J. Polk.
Andrew	ch.	Sir Charles	By King Herod	Newmarket Race Course, Va.	60	100	Otway P. Hare.
Anvil	br.	Mons. Tonson	Isabella, Picton's dam, by Sir Archy	Station Camp, near Gallatin, Tenn	50	75	J. O. H. Peyton
Autocrat, *Imp*	gr.	Grand Duke	Olivetta, by Sir Oliver	Near Clarksville, Tenn	60	75	Col. Samuel Lyne.
Barefoot, *Imp*	ch.	Tramp	Rosamond, by Buzzard	Hopkinsville, Ky	70		R. P. Stark.
Benbow	b.	Imp. Fylde	Cinderella, by Shylock	Lynesville, Granville Co., N. C	50	75	Col. Edmund Townes.
Bell-air	b.	Sir Archy	Favorite, by Bell-air	Jackson, Madison Co., Tenn			Robert H. Peyton.
Belshazzar, *Imp*	ch.	Blacklock	Manuella, by Dick Andrews	Nashville, Tenn	75	125	Thomas Alderson.
Berners' Comus, *Imp*	b.	Comus	Rotterdam, by Juniper	The Mills, near Huntsville, Ala	80	100	Col. E. H. Boardman.
Bertrand Junior	ch.	Bertrand	Transport, by Virginius	Fayette Co., Ky	50		Benjamin R. Jenkins.
Bill Austin	b.	Bertrand	By Timoleon	Montgomery (Ala.) Race Course	50		W. B. Taylor.
Birmingham	br.	Stockholder	Black Sophia, by Top Gallant	Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky	50	75	Lewis Sherley.
Black Heath	bl.	Sir Archy	By Sir Hal	Near Richmond, Va.	40	60	Richard Adams.
Brilliant	br.	Sir Archy	Bet Bounce, by Imp. Sir Harry	Russellville, Ky			James M. Beall.
Busiris	ch.	Eclipse	Grand Duchess, by Imp. Gracchus	12 miles west of Philadelphia	40		Gen. C. Irvine.
Carolinian Junior	ch.	Carolinian	By Grey Whip	Holly Springs, Miss	10	15	Mackenzie & Lanier.
Cetus, *Imp*	b.	Whalebone	Lamia, by Gohanna	The Reeds, Caroline Co., Va	75	125	Robert P. Corbin.
Chanticleer	b.	Sir Archy	Black Ghost, by Oscar	Leetown, Jefferson Co., Va			Thomas G. Baylor.
Charles Kemble	b.	Sir Archy	Maria, Wild Bill's dam, by Gallatin	Centreville, Md	40		Joseph H. Hellings.
Chesterfield	b.	Pacific	By Wilkes' Madison	Near Franklin, Tenn	30		A. T. Nolan.
Chilton	b.	Seagul	By Hazard	Franklin County, Ky	10	15	Maj. Benjamin Luckett.
Consol, *Imp*	br.	Lottery	By Cerberus	The Mills, near Huntsville, Ala	70	100	Col. E. H. Boardman.
Coronet, *Imp*	b.	Catton	By Paynator	Near Somerville, Tenn	60	100	Edward Haskins.
Count Badger	ch.	Eclipse	Arabella, by Hickory	Lincoln County, Tenn			W. T. Sperrell.
Crazy Bill	ch.	Imp. Leviathan	By Clay's Sir William	Near Benton, Ala	50		Richard B. Harrison.
Daghee, *Imp*	b.	Muley	Fatima, by Arabian Sheik	Tree Hill Race Course, Va	40	75	Col. John P. White.
Dick Chinn	ch.	Sumpter	Lucy, by Orphan	Bayou Bœuff, Alexandria, La	50	75	T. J. & Montfort Wells.
Drone	ch.	Mons. Tonson	Isabella, Picton's dam, by Sir Archy	Kendall Course, Md	30	50	James B. Kendall.
Duane	br.	Imp. Hedgeford	Goodloe Washington, by Washington	Camden (N. J.) Race Course			Wm. N. Friend.
Dungannon	ch.	Sumpter	By Duke of Bedford	Terre Haute, Ind	20	30	Wm. McFaddden.
Edgefield	br.	Burstall	By Bell-air	Near Montgomery, Ala	25	30	J. E. Harrison.
Eclipse	ch.	Duroc	Miller's Damsel, by Imp. Messenger	Near Franklin, Tenn	100		James Swanson.
Eclipse the Second	b.	Eclipse	By Clay's Sir William	Farmville, Prince Edw. Co., Va	25	30	Thomas Flournoy.
Emancipation, *Imp*	br.	Whisker	By Ardrossan	Winchester, Va	75	120	Hector Bell.
Envoy, *Imp*	b.	Memnon	Zarina, by Morisco	Winchester, Clarke Co., Ky.	50		Lewis K. Grigsby.
Felt, *Imp*	b.	Langar	Steam, by Waxy Pope	Battletown, Clarke Co., Va	50	75	Josiah Wm. Ware.
Festival	ch.	Eclipse	By Timoleon	Forsyth, Monroe Co., Ga	50	75	John W. Trotter.
Flatterer, *Imp*	br.	Muley	Clare, by Marmion	Fayetteville, N. C	50	75	Samuel Mims.
Flexible, *Imp*	br.	Whalebone	Themus, by Sorcerer	Wilton, Granville Co., N. C	30	45	Col. E. H. Carter.
Flint	b.	Stockholder	Sting, by Conqueror	Near Somerville, Fayette Co., Tenn	30		Jesse L. Flippen.
Fop, *Imp*	gr.	Stumps	By Fitz James	Somerville (Tenn.) Race Course			W. H. Edwards.
Francis Marion	ch.	Marion	Malvina, by Sir Archy	Marianna, Flo	50		Col. James J. Pittman.
Frank	ch.	Sir Charles	Betsey Archer, by Sir Archy	Near Lexington, Ky	50	75	Saml. Davenport & Co.
Gaston	b.	Imp. Truffle	Lady Lagrange, by Sir Archy	Dresden, Tenn			Col. Joseph H. Townes.
Giles Scroggins	b.	Sir Archy	Lady Bedford, by Imp. Bedford	Shelbyville, Ky	30	50	Jilson Yates & Co.
Glencoe, *Imp*	ch.	Sultan	Trampoline, by Tramp	Near Florence, Ala	100		James Jackson.
Glenroy		Editor	By Sir Hal	Near Columbia, Tenn	30	35	D. D. McFall.
Governor Hamilton	gr.	Sir Andrew	By Bonaparte	Upson Co., Ga	50	75	Elsberry Robinson.
Hampton	ch.	Imp Barefoot	By Trafalgar	Richmond and Lancaster Counties, Va.			Wm. H. Tayloe.
Hedgeford, *Imp*	br.	Filho da Puta	Miss Craigie, by Orville	Versailles, Ky	100		Lewis Y. Craig.
Hiazim	ch.	Sir Archy	Jenny (Polly Hopkins' dam) by Archduke	Near Danville, Ky			S. Davenport.
Hibiscus, *Imp*	b.	Sultan	Duchess of York, by Waxy	Columbia (S. C.) Race Course	50		George Fryer.
Hickory John	ch.	John Richards	Kitty Hickory, by Hickory	Near Lexington, Ky	40		John G. Winter.
Highlander	b.	Eclipse	By Duroc	Memphis (Tenn.) Race Course	25	50	Frederick Christian.
Jim Allen	b.	Archie Montorio	By Hamiltonian	Richmond, Ky	25		Maj. J. Hays.
John Bascombe	ch.	Bertrand	Grey Goose, by Pacolet	Hampton Course, Augusta, Ga	100		Freeman W. Lacy.
John Dawson	ch.	Pacific	By Grey Archie	Spring Hill, Maury Co., Tenn			Francis Gordon.
John Guedron	ch.	Bertrand	Madonna, by Precursor	Newberry C. H., S. C.	30		James M. Henderson.
John Richards	b.	Sir Archy	By Rattler	Glasgow, Ky	40	60	James Murrell.
Jordan, *Imp*	ch.	Langar	Matilda, by Comus	Plaquemine, La	100		John C. Beasley.
Joshua	b.	Gohanna	Crop, by Eclipse Herod	Near Allensville, Todd Co., Ky	30	40	Leroy P. Sale.
Keph	b.	Hephestion	By Sumpter	Terre Haute, Ind	25	35	W. Herrington.
Lafayette	b.	Conqueror	Julia, by Sir Arthur	Near Franklin, Tenn	20	25	L. B. Beech.
Lap-Dog, *Imp*	b.	Whalebone	By Canopus	Near Florence, Ala	50		James Jackson.
Lauderdale	ch.	Sir Archy	Imp. Stoughton Lass, by Blacklock	East Baton Rouge, La	45	60	Fergus Duplantier.
Leviathan, *Imp*	ch.	Muley	By Windle	Gallatin, Tenn	150		Col. George Elliott.
Leviathan Junior	ch.	Imp. Leviathan	By Young Diomed	Little Rock, Arks	50		Lorenzo Gibson.
Longwaist	ch.	Sir Archy	By Pacolet	Near Natchez, Miss	75		Capt. Wm. J. Minor.
Lord Byron	b.	Stockholder	Patty Puff, by Pacolet	Opelousas, La	30	40	Hon. John H. Overton.
Lurcher, *Imp*	b.	Grey Leg	Harpalyce, by Gohanna	Rutledge, Granger Co., Tenn	50	75	Col. Saml. Bunch.
Luzborough, *Imp*	br.	Wil'msons Ditto	By Dick Andrews	Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala	100	200	Dr. A. Whitlocke.
Mambrino	ch.	Eclipse	Grand Duchess, by Gracchus	The Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn.	25	35	Maj. A. J. Donalson.
Margrave, *Imp*	ch.	Muley	By Election	Near Richmond, Va	75	125	Robert C. Williamson.
Marion	b.	Sir Archy	By Imp. Citizen	Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala.	75	100	F. O. A. Sherrod.
Marshal Ney	b.	Pacolet	Virginia, by Imp. Dare Devil	Near Gallatin, Tenn	20	30	Rev. Hardy M. Cryer.
Massaniello	ch.	Eclipse	Cinderella, by Duroc	Near Alton, Illinois			Benjamin L. Dorsey.
Medoc	ch.	Eclipse	By Imp. Expedition	Woodford Co., Ky	75	100	Col. Wm. Buford.
Merlin	br.	Sir Archy	Pantonia, by Imp. Bedford	Keysburgh, Logan Co., Ky			A. M. McLean & Co.
Merman, *Imp*	br.	Whalebone	By Orville	Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky	50	100	Lewis Sherley.
Miner	b.	Mons. Tonson	By Top Gallant	Near Lexington, Ky	20	30	Wm. Sparks.
Mingo	b.	Eclipse	Bay Bett, by Thornton's Rattler	Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky	100		Geo. E. Blackburn.
Monmouth	ch.	John Richards	Young Nettletop, by Duroc	Basin Springs, Breck. Co., Va.	30		J. B. Alexander.
Monmouth Eclipse	ch.	Eclipse	Honesty, by Imp. Expedition	Near Monmouth C. H., N. J.	50	75	Joseph H. Van Mater.
Monsieur Tonson	gr.	Pacolet	Madame Tonson, by Top Gallant	Bourbon Co., Ky. 17 miles from Lex'n	60	100	Charles P. Lee.
Mordecai, *Imp*	b.	Lottery	By Welbeck	New Design, Twigg Co., Ky	60	100	Edmund Bacon.
O'Kelly	gr.	Eclipse	Ariel's dam, by Financier	Franklin, Williamson Co., Tenn	25	40	A. Rodgers.
Orange Boy	ch.	Sir Archy	Sukey Foote, by Imp. Citizen	Near Lexington, Ky	25		Wm. Gaines.
Orphan Boy	b.	Eclipse	Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Spread Eagle	New Design, Twigg Co., Ky	30	40	E. Bacon.
Othello	br.	Imp. Leviathan	By Sir Archy	Near Huntsville, Ala	50		Maj. Samuel Ragland.
Pacific	b.	Sir Archy	Eliza, by Imp. Bedford	Woodford Co., Ky	75	100	B. P. Gray.
Pactolus	ch.	Pacific	Mary Vaughan, by Pacolet	Greensboro', Ala., Henry Course	40	60	Henry A. Tayloe.
Pamunky	b.	Eclipse	Atalanta, by Sir Archy	Near Charlestown, Va	20	40	Samuel Cameron.
Pennoyer	b.	Henry	Ariel, by Eclipse	Augusta, Ga	50		Henry Dalby.
Philip, *Imp*	br.	Filho da Puta	Treasure, by Camillus	Near Gallatin, Tenn	75	125	Rev. Hardy M. Cryer.
Picton	b.	Imp Luzborough	Isabella, by Sir Archy	Near Nashville, Tenn	100		Leonard P. Cheatham.
Post Boy	ch.	Henry	Garland, by Duroc	Murfreesboro', Tenn	100		James Holmes.
Priam, *Imp*	b.	Emilius	Cressida, by Whiskey	Hicksford, Va	150		Dr. A. T. B. Merritt.
Priam		Imp. Leviathan	By Sir Archy	Near Memphis, Tenn	35	50	Wm. McMahon.
Pulaski	ch.	Virginian	Lady Lagrange's dam, by Constitution	Near Greensboro', Ala	20	30	Dr. Robert W. Withers.
Puzzle, *Imp*	br.	Reveller	By Juniper	Weldon, Halifax Co., N. C			W. H. Day.
Quartermaster	ch.	Hotspur	By Sir Archy	Bloomfield, Callaway Co., Mo	12	18	S. G. Mason.
Rattler	ch.	Sir Archy	By Imp. Robin Red Breast	Lagrange, Tenn	40	60	Maurice E. Boyles.
Rein Deer	ch.	Sussex	Margaret Armistead's dam, by Oscar	Prince Edward C. H., Va	15	30	Josiah M. Price.
Richard, *Imp*	b.	Orville	Miss Sophia, by Stamford	Franklin Co., Ky	50		Maj. Ben. Luckett.
Robin Adair		Sir Archy	Lady Burton, by Sir Archy	Shelbyville, Tenn			R. M. Walter.
Rodolph	b.	Archie Montorio	By Haxall's Moses	Near Lexington, Ky			Thomas Smith.
Rowton, *Imp*	ch.	Oiseau	Katharina, by Woful	Charlotte C. H., Va	75	150	Wyatt Cardwell.
Sarpedon, *Imp*	br.	Emilius	Icaria, by The Flyer	Halifax C. H., Va	60	100	John Wimbish.
Shark	bl.	Eclipse	Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy	Union Course, L. I	60	100	John Drew.
Shakspeare, *Imp*	br.	Smolensko	Charming Molly, by Rubens	Paris, Tenn., Western District	100		Robert Hurt.
Sheriff Pacha, *Imp*	b.	Nedji bred, im-	ported by Commodore Elliott	Carlisle and Harrisburg, Pa			Com. Jesse D. Elliott.
Singleton	ch.	Eclipse	By Kosciusko	Near Flemingsburg, Ky			Daniel Morgan.
Sir Leslie	b.	Sir William	By Buzzard	Near Lexington, Ky			Dr. E. Warfield.
Skylark, *Imp*	br.	Waxy Pope	Skylark, by Musician	Near Nashville, Tenn	100		L. P. Cheatham.
St. Leger	gr.	Eclipse	Ariel's dam, by Financier	Warrenton, Va	20		A. L. Payne.
Stockholder	b.	Sir Archy	By Imp. Citizen	Wilson co. Ala., 35 m's from Nashville	75	125	A. B. Newsom.
Swiss, *Imp*	b.	Whisker	By Shuttle	Salem, Livingston Co., Ky	50		Judge Thompson.
Telegraph	b.	Stockholder	Caroline, by Volunteer	Huntingdon, Tenn	50	75	Barfield, Caldwell & Co
Timoleon Junior	ch.	Timoleon	By Telemachus	Jefferson City, Mo	15		T. E. Wood.
Tobacconist	b.	Gohanna	Yankee Maid, by Florizel	Lynchburg, Va			Jas. M. Langhorne.
Tom Fletcher		Stockholder	T. F. is sire of Molly Long, Indepen'e, etc	Batesville, Ky	25	40	Thos. T. Tunstall & Co.
Tranby, *Imp*	b.	Blacklock	By Orville	Macon, Ga., Central Course	80		G. B. Robertson.
Traveller	b.	Arab	By Conqueror	Madisonville, Tenn	25		Maj. Wm. Ainsworth.
Truffle, *Imp*	b.	Truffle	Helen, by Whiskey	Bellvue, Talbot Co., Ga	30	50	Col. Peter F. Mahone.
Trustee, *Imp*	ch.	Catton	Emma (Mundig's dam), by Whisker	Union Course, L. I	30		Walter Livingston.
Truxton	br.	Com. Truxton	By Badger	Near Terre Haute, Ind			Thomas Dowling.
Uncle Fowler	ch.	Sumpter	Jenny Jenkins, by Buzzard	Near Lexington, Ky	15	25	James L. Bradley.
Upton Heath	ch.	Gohanna	By Sir Charles	Powhattan and Goochland Co's., Va	15	25	S. S. and F. M. Royster.
Vertumnus	b.	Eclipse	Princess, by Defiance	Near Middletown, Montgom'y co., Ky			Horace Benton.
Volney	b.	Mons. Tonson	By Sir Archy	Near Montgomery, Ala	40	80	J. W. T. Reid.
Wacousta	ch.	Imp. Leviathan	Lady Lightfoot, by Oscar	Middletown, Rutherford Co., Tenn	25		Thos. T. Bullock.
Walton		Eclipse	By Constitution	Near Pulaski, Tenn			Liles E. Abernathy.
Warrior		Mons. Tonson	By Emperor	Velasco, Texas	100		Gen. Thos. J. Green.
Washington	ch.	Timoleon	Ariadne, by Imp. Citizen	Dayton, Montgomery Co., Ohio	30		Daniel Kiser.
Waxy	b.	Sir Archy	Lady Alfred, by Alfred	Near Greensburg, Ky	30	50	James T. Carter.
Whalebone		Sir Archy	By Pacolet	Near Huntsville, Ala	40		Col. James W. Camp.
Wild Bill	b.	Sir Archy	Maria, by Gallatin	Near Huntsville, Ala	60		Stokes and Blevins.
William IV., *Imp*	b.	Tranby	Codicil, by Smolensko	Cincinnati (Ohio) Race Course	75		Geo. N. Sanders & Co.
Woodpecker	b.	Bertrand	By Imp. Buzzard	Bourbon Co., Ky	75		John Cunningham.
Young Sir Charles		Sir Charles	By Ball's Florizel	Spring Hill, Tenn			Abner Stacy.
Zinganee, *Imp*	b.	Tramp	Folly, by Young Drone	Near Lexington, Ky	100		Parker E. Todhunter.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BALTIMORE, Md.	Kendall Course, Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
BELFIELD, Va.	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th April.
CINCINNATI, Ohio.	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d or 4th week in May.
GREENSBORO', Ala.	Henry Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
HOUSTON, Texas,	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Monday, 15th April.
LOUISVILLE, Ky.	Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
LYNCHBURG, Va.	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 15th May.
MAYSVILLE, Ky.	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga.	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d April.
MACON, Ga.	Central Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th April.
MOBILE, Ala.	Bascombe Course, *Trotting* Meeting, 2d week in April.
NEW YORK,	Union Course, First J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
" "	Match, $1000 aside, P.P., between Capt. Stockton and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens, with stable against stable, of 3 yr. olds.
" "	Match, $1000 aside, h. ft., between Messrs. Robt. Tillotson and Robt L. Stevens, with 3 yr. olds, Mile heats.
" "	Beacon Course, First Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
" "	Beacon Course, *Trotting* Meeting, on or about the 1st of May.
NEW ORLEANS, La.	Louisiana Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 20th March
" " "	Metarie Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th March.
NORFOLK, Va.,	and Portsmouth J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Monday, 1st April.
NATCHEZ, Miss.	Pharsalia Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, last Monday, 29th April.
PETERSBURG, Va.	Newmarket Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st or 2d week in April.
" "	Match, $10,000 aside, 2 m. h. *Boston* vs. *Portsmouth*.
PLAQUEMINE, La.	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th April.
RALEIGH, N. C.	State Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th April.
" "	Match, $10,000 aside, 2 m. h., *Boston* vs. *The Queen*, same meeting.
TRENTON, N. J.	Eagle Course, Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday following Cam. & Phil.
VELASCO, Texas,	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 20th March.
WASHINGTON CITY.	National course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.

BEACON COURSE RACES.

THE Races over the Beacon Course will commence on the second Tuesday, the 14th of May.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats. To close May 6th. Also, Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, $200 each, $50 ft. Mile heats. To close May 6th.

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, (of this purse, $50 will be given to the second best horse, to be determined first by New Nork, then by Virginia Rules).

Same day—A Post Stake, Mile heats, $50 each, P.P., free only for horses that never won a race. To close May 6th.

Third day—Purse $500, Three mile heats, (of this purse $100 will be given to the second best horse, according to the preamble of the $300 purse).

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats. ALEX. L. BOTTS, Sec'y.

[March 23.]

TROTTING ON THE BEACON COURSE.

THERE will be a Trotting Meeting over this course on or about the 1st of May. Further particulars hereafter.

New York, March 21, 1839.

FOR SALE.

THE entire stock of scenery and fixtures belonging to the ALBANY THEATRE. To persons intending to erect a similar structure in town or country, the opportunity now offered is one which is worthy of attention. Address W., Albany Daily Advertiser Office.

New York, March 19, 1839.—[Mar23-3t]

FOR SALE.

TO BE SOLD on account of departure for Europe, a stanhope waggon, with top. Also, a one horse trotting waggon on springs. Apply at

[Mar23-1t] TATTERSALL'S, Broadway.

OAKLAND COURSE, LOUISVILLE.

THE following are the nominations for the great Sweepstakes to be run over the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at the next Fall Meeting (first week in October), $2000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats; closed 1st Jan., 1839.

1. Y. N. Oliver & M. W. Dickey enter gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, now 3 yrs. old.
2. W. T. Ward enters b. f. *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster, by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs. old.
3. W. Viley enters ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer. 3 yrs. old.
4. G. N. Sanders & Lewis Sanders, Jr. enters b. c. *Occident*, by Bertrand, out of Diamond, by Florizel, 3 yrs.
5. Sidney Burbridge enters b. c. *Tarlton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 4 yrs.
6. Jas. L. Bradley & H. B. Steele enter ch. c. *Hawk-eye*, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam, by Jenkins' William, 4 yrs.
7. Archie Cheatham enters b. c. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.
8. Jas. S. Garrison enters ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 4 y.
9. William Wynn enters br. c. *Picton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archie, 4 y.
10. Wm. Buford, Jr. enters ch. f. *Musedora*, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko.

[Mar23-4t] JOHN S. GRAHAM, Sec. J. C.

TROTTING HORSE WASHINGTON FOR SALE.

THIS celebrated trotting horse is offered for sale on liberal terms. He is nine years old this Spring, and is not only perfectly sound, but in good condition. That he unites great speed to unflinching game, the annexed summary of his performances amply demonstrates; as a further proof of the estimation in which he is held at the present time, the subscriber begs to offer the following

Trotting Challenge.

I will trot WASHINGTON for ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS aside, against any horse, mares or gelding, Two mile heats in harness, over the Beacon Course, on the 8th day of May next, $500 forfeit; weight according to the trotting rules of said Couse. This Challenge will remain open for 10 days.

N.B. If this match should not be taken, then the horse will be for sale.

J. D. McMANN.

Performances of Washington.

April 29, 1836—Match in waggons.

Washington	1
Mail Carrier	2

May 19, 1836—Three mile heats in harness, on Centreville Course.

Washington	1	2	1
Alexander	2	1	2

Time, 8:25—8:27—8:27.

Sept. 23, 1836—Two mile heats in harness, Trenton Course, N. J.

Washington	1	1
Dick	3	2
Montgomery	2	3

Time, 5:52—5:54.

Sept. 30, 1836—Three mile heats in harness, Centreville Course, L. I.

Washington	1	1
Rolla	2	2
Cato	3	dist.

Time, 8:26½—8:19.

Nov. 9, 1836—Three mile heats in harness, Trenton Course, N. J.

Washington	1	1
Apology	2	2
Richard III	3	dist.

Time, 8:44—8:30.

1837—Two mile heats in harness, Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia.

Washington	1	1
Andrew Jackson	2	2

May 29, 1837—Three mile heats in harness, Centreville Course, L. I.

Washington	1	2	1
Ratler	2	3	2
Aaron Burr	3	1	3

Time, 8:34—8:37—8:45.

June 6, 1837—Two mile heats in harness, Trenton Course, N. J.

Washington	2	1	1
Mountain Sylph	1	2	2
Norman Leslie	3	3	dist.

Time, 5:42½—5:42—5:29.

June 14, 1837—Two mile heats in harness on the Philadelphia Course.

Washington	1	1
Henry Clay	2	2

Time, 5:24—5:31.

Dec. 8, 1837—In waggon on Third Avenue.

Washington	1
Yankee Doodle	2

May 15, 1838—Washington walked over the Philadelphia Course, no horse contending against him.

June 22, 1838—Two mile heats in harness, Beacon Course, N. J.

Washington	1	1
Greenwich Maid	2	2
Dutchman	3	3
Rattler	dist.	

Time, 5:19—5:17.

July 4, 1838—Two mile heats in harness, Beacon Course, N. J.

Washington	1	1
Dutchman	3	2
Greenwich Maid	2	3

Time, 5:21—5:16.

For further particulars enquire at the

March 21, 1839.—[M23-3t] NEW YORK HIPPONA, 65 Watt street.

PENNOYER.

THIS Thorough-bred Horse will stand at the subscriber's stable, at Augusta, Ga., and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season will commence the 1st of March and end the 15th June. Mares fed at 50 cents per day. Good and extensive and well enclosed pasturage has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for escapes or accidents if any should happen. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

PEDIGREE.

Pennoyer was sired by Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), out of Ariel by Eclipse. For purity of blood, and as a distinguished runner, Ariel has never been surpassed, having started 57 times, and was winner 42 times, (17 of which were four mile heats.) His grandam was by Financier, out of Empress, who has also been regarded as one of the most renowned race nags and brood mares of the North. Empress was got by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Old Messenger, grandam by Strap, out of Jenny Dator by True Briton. Jenny Dator was out of Quaker Lass, got by Juniper, out of Molly Pacolet by Pacolet—her g. g. dam was got by Old Spark, g. g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell. For further particulars see Am. Turf Register, vol. 6.

Henry was sired by Sir Archy (son of Imp. chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, grandam by Bell-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger. The four last named are imported horses.

DESCRIPTION.

Pennoyer was foaled in the Spring of 1834, is a beautiful brown bay, stands full 15¾ hands high, and in point of blood, high racing form, style and action, is excelled by none. While training at 2 yrs old, his owners were flattered with the highest expectations of him, as a first-rate race horse (having tried him sufficiently to test his superior speed), and had he not received an injury in one of his fore legs, just above the knee, while in training, which prevented his appearance on the turf, there can be no doubt, from his trials, that he would now have been one of the most distinguished racers of the day.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 1, 1839.—[J5-tf.] HENRY DALBY.

Dr. HULL'S NEW TRUSS.

HERNIA CURED—PATENT OF 1833.—The public can now be assured that by the use of this Truss, young persons and children are the subjects of a speedy and certain cure, unparalleled instances of which are daily occurring in persons of advanced life. The approval of this instrument by the first Surgeons in the United States and England, and the immense number of Patients cured, has rendered its *superiority* over all other Trusses a matter of certainty.

Caution—The celebrity of Dr. Hull's Truss has caused many inferior articles to be manufactured, pretending to be his. Those wearing trusses cannot be too cautious in avoiding these dangerous *spurious instruments*, which have caused additional suffering to the afflicted. The genuine will have the signature of Dr. A. G. Hull on the pad of each of them, by attention to which safety will be ensured.

Office No. 4 Vesey Street, Astor House. [m2-4m.]

KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE SPRING RACES over this Course will commence on the Second Tuesday, 14th May next (it being the week following the Washington City Races,) and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. D. Shepherd names produce of Imp. Priam and Moss Rose, by Tramp.
2. Col. Wm. L. White names produce of Goliah and Maid of Athens.
3. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Imp. Tranby and Mary Randolph.
4. Geo. Symms names produce of Mons. Tonson and Jemima Wilkinson.
5. Col. John Heth names produce of Shark and Arietta.
6. Col. J. M. Selden names produce of Hotspur and Florida.
7. Isham Puckett names produce of Gohanna and Gulnare.
8. J. M. Wilson names produce of Ivanhoe and Kitty Fisher.
9. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Collier's dam.
10. Wm. Williamson & J. P. Corbin not named.
11. Col. Wm. Wynn names produce of Chateau Margaux and Flirtilla.
12. Also, produce of Eclipse and Isabella.
13. Col. W. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Peggy Madee (H. Maclin's).
14. Samuel Sprigg names produce of Imp. Autocrat and Nancy Norwood.
15. Col. Wade Hampton names produce of Argyle and Pocahontas
16. Also, produce of Emma and Imp. Camel.
17. James S. Garrison names produce of Zinganee and Gabriella.

☞ The 7th and 8th entries to this stake were originally made by other individuals—the former by Mr. Thomas Pearsall, of Long Island, and the latter by Mr. Wm. Bosley, of Maryland; since which time they have become the property of Mr. Puckett, of Va., and Mr. Wilson, of Md., as entered, both of whom are responsible for each colt's engagement. As this change does not in any way affect the stake, it is presumed there will be no objection.

Second day—Purse $1000, $300 of which goes to the 2d best horse in the race if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $700—if but one, $500; ent. $50; Four mile heats.

Third day—Purse $500, of which $100 will be given to the 2d best horse if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $400—if but one, $300; ent. $25. Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $200, ent. $10, Two mile heats.

☞ Several purses will also be given during the meeting for Mile heats.

Sweepstakes now open.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st April next, and to be run for at the Spring Meeting of 1839.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds to be run at the Fall Meeting of 1839, sub. $2000 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; 5 or more to make a race; to close 1st Sept., 1839.

The following Stakes are proposed by a worthy Patron of the Turf:—

A Breeders' Stake, to be run in 1840, to run 3 yr. olds in the Spring, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft., and Two mile heats in the Fall, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; 5 or more subscribers to make a race; to name and close 1st Sept. 1839. In this stake a Breeder can enter as many colts of his own breeding as he thinks proper, and run either of them, but must run one or pay the forfeit.

☞ Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above stakes, will please address the subscriber at Baltimore, as early as convenient, as early entries induce others to enter to stakes to which they otherwise would not.

Trotting Purses.

In addition to the above Purses and Sweepstakes, the subscriber to amuse and gratify a large portion of the patrons of the Kendall Course, is induced to offer the following purses to be Trotted for:—

On the day previous to the races, a purse of $100, free only for horses which never won a purse, Mile heats best 3 in 5, under the Saddle; the entrance money to go to the 2d horse in the last heat.

Same day—A purse of $200, free only for horses which never won a purse of over $100, Mile heats in Harness; entrance money to go to the 2d in the last heat.

The above two Trotting purses are free only for horses belonging to Maryland, on the first day of Feb. 1839.

On the day following the races, a purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat; free for all horses; Three mile heats under the Saddle.

Same day—A purse of $300, $100 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat; free only for horses which never won a purse over $100; Two mile heats under the Saddle.

The above Trotting to be governed by the Rules of the Hunting Park Trotting Course.

Entries for the first two Trotting Purses will close on the Saturday previous to the races, at 5 o'clock, P.M. Entries for the last two Trotting Purses will close on the last day of the races, at 12 o'clock M. Entrance 5 per cent.

The Race Horses will have a track exclusively appropriated to their use, as also will the Trotting horses to theirs. The time of exercise will be so arranged that they will not be in the way or interference of each other. The track, and every thing appertaining to the course, will be put in the best possible order. Stables, litter, &c., will be furnished gratis to race and trotting horses, that visit the course for the purpose of racing or trotting, but the subscriber cannot promise to accommodate horses that are brought for sale or show. He will promise good stables, &c., for 65 or 70—possibly a few more.

The liberal patronage of the public has inspirited the subscriber to offer greater inducements than formerly. He will hereafter hold out still greater inducements each Spring and Fall than have heretofore been offered in this section of the country.

Kendall Course, Feb. 7, 1839.—[F9] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES

THE SPRING MEETING for 1839 will come off under the following new arrange ment, on the third or fourth week in May.

First day—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, added to a Sweepstakes of $50 each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds bred in Ohio, Mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Same day—Proprietors' Purse $100, free for anything, Mile heats. A Sweepstakes of $50 each, h. ft., to name by the 20th March, 1839, is proposed to be run for with the Purse.

Second day—Cincinnati Gold Cup, value $500, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, added to a Sweepstakes of $100 each, h. ft.; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Third day—Buckeye Plate, value $500, added to a Sweepstakes of $200 each, h. ft., free for all ages, Two mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, with a Sweepstakes of $500 each, h. ft., added, Three mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Fifth day—Proprietors' Purse $500, for 3 yr. olds, added to a Sweepstakes of $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats, to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Sixth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, added to a Sweepstakes of $1000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats; to name by 20th March, 1039.

The preceding plan, to get up handsome Sweepstakes for our next Spring Meeting, promises to meet with great encouragement from Breeders. Attaching them, as we have done, to the Purses, gives us a surety of a race. The subscribers to the stakes will have an equal chance for the purses with these entering in the usual way, the evening previous to the race, an entry not in the sweepstakes can win the purse only, but an entry in the stakes may win both purse and stakes. Winners of plates are not prohibited from running for the purses. It is therefore arranged that the winner of the Cincinnati Gold Cup may start for the 3 yr. old Purse of $500, Two mile heats, and the winner of the Buckeye Plate may start for the Four mile Purse.

All entries must be enclosed to GEO. N. SANDERS, P. M., Grass Hills, Carroll County, Ky. Nominations made previously to the 28th day of March, may be changed up to the time of closing.

We have at great expense established the Cincinnati Race Course, contiguous to the city, and under the patronage of a highly respectable and numerous Club. Some additional improvements will be made, and our stables increased to give good accommodation to one hundred horses. There are already one or more entries to each proposition, and from the number of 3 yr. olds in the country, we anticipate at least twenty entries for the Cincinnati Gold Cup, and have assurances of a great number of entries to the other stakes.

GEORGE M. LONG,
GEORGE N. SANDERS, } Proprietors.
Cincinnati, Feb. 23, 1839.—[m2t1my]

IMPORTED BELSHAZZAR.

I HAVE the pleasure to tender to the public generally, and to my friends in particular, the services of this splendid English Stallion. He is now in my stable, in the city of Nashville, in good health and condition, and will be ready for service on the following terms:—$125 insurance, $100 the season (to commence on the 15th Feb. and end on the 1st July), which may be discharged by the payment of $75 within the year, and $1 to the groom in each case, which will be expected at the stable door. The best pasturage the county affords, and grain at usual prices, and every attention to mares, but no liability for accidents or escapes.

PEDIGREE.

To breeders and sportsmen conversant with the blood horse, it would be sufficient to name sire and dam. But for others, we say, Belshazzar was got by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews—Mandane by Pot-8-o's—Young Camilla by Woodpecker—Camilla by Trentham—Coquette by the Compton Barb—Sister to Regulus by the Godolphin Arabian—Grey Robinson by the Bald Galloway—Sister to Old Country Wench by Snake—Grey Wilks (sister to Clumsey) by Hautboy—Miss D'Arcy's Pet mare, daughter of a Sedbury Royal mare. It fully appears from the above that he has the maximum of blood, and that he derives his purity through the line of most illustrious ancestors. In other words, his breeding is not only thorough, but also most fashionable. He draws blood from Eclipse through Joe Andrews, a good son, and King Fergus and Pot-8-o's, his best sons. He draws blood from King Herod through Phenomenon and Woodpecker, very good sons, and Highflyer, his best, and has streams from the best English and Foreign sources for centuries. His family in near alliance show a due proportion of winners of distinguished prizes. His dam won the Oaks, and produced Memnon, a Doncaster St. Leger winner. Her sister, also won the St. Leger. Brutandorf, out of Mandane, was a good winner and Stallion, and Lottery, another son, though queer in temper, was, in my opinion, able to beat when he pleased, any horse of his day. Theodore, out of Blacklock's dam, won the St. Leger, and any one who reads the account of this great race of Blacklock's year, the state of the odds, and examines the performances, before and after, must come to the conclusion, that he should have beat Ebor. And he proved himself a better stallion, far better than his competitor.

PERFORMANCES.

Belshazzar won the 2 yr. old stakes of 20 sovs. each, at York August Meeting, 1832, 18 subs.; won 20 sovs. each at Doncaster, 31 subs.; the St. Leger of 25 sovs. each, at York August Meeting, 15 subs.; the Gascoigne stakes of 100 sovs. each, at Doncaster, 5 subs.; and in this year Mr. Watt refused 5000 guineas for him. At Newmarket Spring Meeting in 1834, he won a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, 5 subs. He gave Jason 13lbs. and Shylock 11lbs. But in this year, in a contest with Consol, he broke down, and was turned into the breeding stud, and became a very popular stallion. Among the horses he beat, were Rockingham (winner of the Doncaster St. Leger), Glaucus (winner of the Whip at Newmarket, and the Ascot Cup), Muley Molock, and many others. Mr. Watt's b. f. Cara, the first of his get, has appeared twice in public, with great credit. She at 2 yrs. old won the Criterion stakes of 30 sovs. each, 36 subs., at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, beating two Langars (placed 2d and 3d); also a Reveller, a Mulatto, two Camels, an Emilius, a Cain, a Zinganee, two Priams, and many others. She ran for the Chesterfield stakes at the July Meeting, and looked like a winner till near the chair, when she ran out and lost her chance. The dam and grandam of Belshazzar bred winners of 99 races, and 19 times winners of four-mile races.

DESCRIPTION.

Belshazzar is a dark chesnut, foaled in 1830, full 16 hands high, of good length and great substance, with accurate proportions, and the most blood-like appearance; and though plain horses in many instances run well, it is but justice to say, in addition to his racing qualities, Belshazzar must attract the notice of breeders by his general high finish, and an exquisite head and neck.

THOMAS ALDERSON.

Nashville, Feb. 12, 1839.—[m16-3t.]

SADDLERY.

GEORGE DERICK, 239 Broadway, corner of Park Place, opposite the Park, (late of Wall-street,) continues to keep on hand the greatest assortment of City-made Saddles and Harness of superior workmanship—Ladies' and Gentlemens' Saddles of English and American manufacture, consisting of Somerset, Quilted and Plain, Shafto and Race; also English Bridles, Martingals, Whips, &c. A very extensive stock of Travelling Trunks, Ladies' Waterproof Hat cases and Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valises, &c. A great variety of Belts and Stirrup Irons, Needham's Box Spurs in Steel, Plated and Brass, Korn's Patent Fly Nets, Summer Sheets, and a general assortment of Horse Clothing; Fletcher and Louis' Patent Spring Girths, Carriage and Tilbury Harness of superior style and quality; also extra light Wagon and Trotting Harness. A large stock of Whalebone Rosetts, Sarcingles, Chavois, Curry and Mane Combs, Sponges, Trimming Shears and Water Spoke and Whalebone Brushes.

Collars and Saddles carefully fitted.

☞ Gentlemen in want of any of the above articles, would do well to call and examine the same.

N.B. G. Derick has received two Silver Medals and several Diplomas for the best Harness exhibited at the Fairs of the American Institute. [m16-4t.]

NEW YORK RACES.

THE FIRST SPRING MEETING OF 1839, over the Union Course, Long Island, will commence as usual on the first Tuesday in May, and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes of $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Barefoot.
2. Also, of Medoc's dam and Gohanna.
3. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Gohanna.
4. J. C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
5. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Gohanna.
6. John Heth names produce of Arietta and Shark.
7. J. C. Stevens names produce of Romp and Henry.
8. Jas. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Barefoot.
9. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Shark.
10. Also, of Miss Mattie and Shark.
11. S. L. Gouveneur names produce of Post Boy's dam and Barefoot.
12. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
13. Also, of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

Same day—Sweepstakes of $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats; second best in the race to ceive back his stakes. Closed with four subs., viz.:

1. S. L. Gouveneur names produce of Geranium and Barefoot.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna.
3. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Shark.
4. Wm. Gibbons names produce of Bonnets o' Blue and Shark.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same day—Match between Capt. Stockton and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens, with stable against stable, of 3 year olds, for $1000 aside, P. P.

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $500, (provided four horses start; if not four, the purse will be $400,) Three mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes of $300 each, $100 ft., Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Meg Dods and Shark.
5. Also, of Celeste's sister and Richard.
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Terror.
7. Wm. Gibbons names Mariner by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue.
8. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Modesty and Monmouth Eclipse.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, (provided four horses run; if not four, the purse will be $800,) Four mile heats.

Same day—Match between Messrs. Robt. Tillotson and Robt. L. Stevens, with 3 yr. olds, $1000 aside, h. ft., Mile heats.

Sweepstakes, 2d Spring Meeting.

Memorandum of Sweepstakes to be run over the Union Course, at the Second Spring Meeting of 1839.

1. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $2000, P. P., Four mile heats.

SUBSCBIBERS.

1. W. Livingston names b. c. Job, by Eclipse, out of Jemima.
2. John Heth names Jack Kremer, by Luzborough, dam by Eclipse.
3. R. F. Stockton names b. f. Caroline, by Eclipse, out of Miss Mattie.
4. J. C. Stevens names s. c. Fordham, by Eclipse, out of Janette.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000, $250 ft., Mile heats; with a declaration of $100 by the 1st of April. To be run the 1st day of the Meeting.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. F. Stockton names br. c. by Emilius, out of Young Mouse.
2. Also, " ch. c. by Rowton, out of Nanine.
3. Also, " b. c. by Actæon, out of Miss Craven.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names Emilius filly, out of Polly Hopkins.
5. Also, " Priam filly, out of Betsey Ransom.
6. Also, " Shark colt, out of Celeste.
7. John C. Stevens names Terrific, by Gohanna, out of Black Maria.
8. Also, " ch. c. by Gohanna, out of Janette.
9. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Mary Blunt, by Mons. Tonson.
10. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove, by Roman.
11. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Jane Grey, dam by Monmouth Eclipse.
12. John D. Kirby names b. c. by Shakspeare, out of Merritt's Imp. mare.

Mem.—Any declaration of forfeit to the above stake must be made in writing, directed to A. L. Botts, Sec'y of the New York Jockey Club, and post-marked by the 1st of April.

3. Sweepstake now open for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, $50 ft., Mile heats. To name and close by the 11th of April; but no winner previous to the time of entry, allowed to enter.

Further particulars of these races in time.

Books of subscription to Sweepstakes always open, for all ages, and at all times.

The Beacon Course Races.—Details of these races will appear on Saturday next.

New York, March 14, 1839.—[M16]

A. L. BOTTS,
D. H. BRANCH.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB.

THE SPRING RACES of 1839, over the *Washington Course*, will commence the First Tuesday, 7th May, and continue four days.

First day—Will be run a splendid Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836, sub. $1000 each, $200 ft.; Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wm. H. Tayloe names produce of Miss Chance and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
2. Wm. L. White names produce of Sir Philip's dam and Goliah.
3. E. J. Hamilton names produce of Nenon and Imp. Tranby.
4. O. H. Oliver names produce of Young Flirtilla and Eclipse.
5. Thos. D. Watson names produce of Tuberose and Mons. Tonson.
6. Wm. D. Boone names produce of Agility and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
7. Wm. H. Minge names produce of Eliza Riley and ———.
8. Also, " " " Mazeppa's dam and ———.
9. Gilmore & Tyson name produce of Sally Walker and Imp. Tranby.
10. J. M. Botts names produce of Mischief and Tobacconist.
11. O. P. Hare names produce of Miss Waxy (by Sir Archie) and Mons. Tonson.
12. Wm. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
13. Also, " " " Martha Ann and Imp. Tranby.
14. Chas. McClannahan names produce of Donna Maria's dam and Mons. Tonson.
15. John Heth names produce of Screamer and Imp. Tranby.
16. Also, " " " Nancy Dawson and Hotspur.
17. John C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
18. Robt. B. Corbin names produce of Betsey Haxall and Eclipse.
19. W. J. Stratton names produce of Madame Lavalette and Eclipse, for J. W. D.
20. Philip Wallace names produce of Lubly Rose and Imp. Tranby.

Second day—Purse $500, ent. $20, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Ladies' Purse $200, ent. $15, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, —— heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st April.

[d22-t4my] EDWARD J. WILSON, Proprietor.

PACIFIC.

THERE is one more opportunity offered to the breeders of Kentucky and the surrounding States, to perpetuate the pure blood of old Bertrand, through the veins of his only full brother, the unequalled horse *Pacific*. He will stand for mares the present season (which commenced the 15th Feb. and terminates the 1st July next) at the stable of the subscriber, in Woodford County, two miles West of Versailles, at $100 the season; but $75 will discharge the debt any time within the season, and $1 to the groom in each case. Blue grass pastures in abundance of a superior quality; lots well arranged with abundance of running water in each, fencing impervious, furnished for mares gratis, during the season, and grain fed on moderate terms if required. Every attention will be bestowed to guard against accidents or escapes, but no liabilities will be incurred for either. This horse has successfully occupied the same stand for 11 years, near Nashville, where he has produced many of the very best race horses of the present day, and some that have never been defeated, although they have had many of the best nags to contend with. These facts will be published in his bills with his own pedigree and performance.

From the frequent and urgent calls upon the owners of Pacific, to permit him to fill the stand of his brother in Kentucky, they at length consented for him to come, and in consequence of the absence of Mr. Lyndsey, and there being no time for delay in fixing his stand, I consider that I have been fortunate in being able to present to the breeders of fine stock, that which has been considered forever lost.

B. P. GRAY.

Woodford County, Ky., Feb. 1839—[m16-3t.[

MEDOC.

THE services of this fine horse are again offered to the Breeders of Kentucky. He will remain at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford County, where he will be let to mares at *One Hundred Dollars* each, to be paid in the season, which will end on the first of July next. He will be limited to seventy-five mares. Every attention will be paid to mares sent to him, and excellent blue grass pastures furnished gratis. We recommend him with great confidence, believing that he has proven himself equal, if not superior as a breeder, to any horse that has ever appeared in the United States. His first season was made when he was only five years old, and last year his colts appeared on the turf for the first time, at 3 yrs. old, and numbered *Sixteen Winners at all distances, from One to Four mile heats*. The time made in these races will compare with any upon record. (See the race of Maria Duke and Curculia at Louisville last Spring, Mile heats best 3 in 5, each heat run in 1:48—Picayune and Musedora's race at Crab Orchard, in August, Three mile heats, run in 5:57—5:55—5:54,—Curculia's race at Lexington, Two mile heats, 3.52—3:52—3:54, distancing the field, track heavy.)

Out of the dams of these 16 colts, not one, except the dam of Curculia, ever produced a race-horse before. Nine of his colts have been sold for $23,500, viz; Curculia, $5000, Maria Duke $4000, Medoca $3000, Sthreshley $2500, Picayune $2000, Musedora $2000, J. F. Robinson $2000, Filly out of the dam of Ironette, $2000, and Ben Harrison $1000, when a yearling.

His colts are remarkable for their gaiety, beauty and symmetry, and as a strong evidence of their fine appearance, they have had awarded to them more premiums at the Fairs in this part of Kentucky, than the colts of all other horses together have received. Medoc's blood and performances on the turf, have been published in all the sporting journals of the United States, to which reference may be made. We wish, at this time, to present him as a very distinguished breeder, and hope that he will receive that consideration and patronage to which he is entitled.

Woodford County, Ky., Feb. 20, 1839.—[m2-t1J.] WILLIAM BUFORD & Co.

ENVOY.

THIS thorough-bred and magnificent imported horse will stand next season at the stable of LEWIS K. GRIGSBY, near Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky, and will be let to mares at Fifty dollars the season, and $1 to the groom. Enclosed and extensive pasture of the best kind has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes, should any occur. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

ENVOY'S *Pedigree.*—Envoy was got by Memnon, out of Zarina (bred by Lord Anson, and foaled in 1827,) by Morisco—her dam Ina (bred by Sir John Byng in 1821) by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander, out of Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab. [See Skinner's General Stud Book, page 657.] Memnon, the sire of ENVOY, was bred by Mr. Watt in 1822; he was got by Whisker, (brother to Whalebone, Wire, Woful, etc.,) out of Manuella, the dam of The Abbott, Belzoni, Margellina, Nitocres, Belshazzar (lately imported to this country) and other first raters. Manuella was got by Dick Andrews, her dam Mandane by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Colibri. [See General Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 687.] It will be seen that *Envoy's* pedigree combines the purest and most fashionable blood on the side of both sire and dam; his distinguished ancestry were celebrated as winners at long distances, carrying heavy weights; the stock of both his sire and dam are remarkable for their beauty, speed, and stoutness, winning at all distances, and training on.

Description of ENVOY'S *Sire, the renowned* MEMNON.—He was foaled in 1822; in 1824, when 2 yrs. old, he won his two races, and the next year, at the York Spring Meeting, he won the St. Leger Stakes, and at Doncaster, on Tuesday, 25th Sept., he won the *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 88 subscribers, of which 30 started; he won it so easily, that none but he and his great antagonist, *The Alderman*, were placed. He won many other races at all distances.

Description of ENVOY.—He is now 5 years old, and was imported from England by the Hon. WM. WILKINS, late Minister to Russia, before he was 2 yrs. old. He is much improved, and looks remarkably well, with his points now finely developed. He is of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is over 16 hands high. The Proprietor has, at his stable, a colt by him, out of his old Moses mare, 18 months old, and now between 14 and 15 hands high, that is said to be one of the finest colts in the country; also, at the stable where he stands in Clark County, Ky., a filly foaled on the 14th April, 1838, out of the same mare, which is very large and very fine. To judge from these colts Envoy must breed well. Breeders and Turfmen would do well to call and examine Envoy and his colts [F2-tes]

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

NEW VOLUME FOR 1839.

[The following Circular, to the Subscribers of the Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, accompanies the *Index* to the last Volume, which has just been issued.]

THE present sheet, containing the *Index*, completes the Ninth Volume of this Magazine. The publication of the *January* and *February* numbers of the succeeding Volume has been delayed for the purpose of improving its appearance and increasing the interest and variety of its contents. During the interval, the proprietorship of the work will have passed into other hands, and its editorial conduct, also, will devolve upon another gentleman, possessing every facility for increasing its usefulness and promoting its character.

The *January* and *February* numbers will appear together in the course of a few weeks, illustrated by two superb Engravings, and the publisher relies upon the marked improvement he trusts they will exhibit, to excuse the delay of their publication. The *March* number will be issued with all possible despatch, and thereafter the Magazine will be published regularly on the first day of each month.

The ensuing volume of the Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will appear in a new and elegant dress, and *each number* will be embellished with one or more costly Engravings on Steel, by the most eminent artists. Arrangements are also in progress by which the publisher may be enabled to present his subscribers with the most splendid Illustrations of his English contemporaries.

Without material alteration in the *form* of the Magazine, each number will contain from sixteen to twenty-four ADDITIONAL PAGES. The *Racing Calendar*, also, will be re modelled, and printed in a fine clear type, occupying less than half the space it has done hitherto, and the room thus saved will be specially appropriated to the interests of Breeders of Fine Cattle, Sheep, &c., and Agriculturists and Farmers generally.

Arrangements have been made with special reporters and friends of the work, that will hereafter insure the early publication in the Racing Calendar of the Magazine, an authentic report of all races over established Courses, or under the cognizance of a Jockey Club, in every section of the country.

To give a new impulse to the work, and increase the value and interest of its contents, the future Editor has secured the assistance of a numerous circle of intelligent correspondents, whose contributions will comprise articles on every subject within the scope of a Sporting Magazine.

With such assurances from the Breeders and Turfmen of this country, and an extensive correspondence abroad,—with every facility to improve the appearance and useful character of his publication, the Editor bespeaks, for the forthcoming volume, that liberal support it will be his unwearied endeavor to merit.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 19, 1839.

SWEEPSTAKES, EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over the Eagle Course on the ensuing Spring Meeting, which will commence on the Tuesday following the Philadelphia and Camden Races.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close 25th March.

W. B. Stockton names imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
Also, " imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close as above.

W. B. Stockton names imp. b. c. *Atlantic*, by Actæon, out of Miss Craven.
Also, " imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.
Also, " imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.

Second day—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Same day—Sweepstakes for all ages that never won a race previous to the time that this stake closes, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

PURSES.

Second day—A purse of $400, $100 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $300; Two mile heats.

Third day—A purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $500; Three mile heats.

Same day—A purse of $100, Mile heats.

Fourth day—A purse of $1500, $500 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $1000; Four mile heats.

Same day—A purse of $100, Mile heats.

The second best to be determined by the Rules of the Philadelphia and Camden Course; when these rules determine that neither are second best, the horse that is 2d in the last heat to be second best.

The New Jersey Rail Road is now completed, and will hereafter convey passengers from New York to the Eagle Course in three hours, passing through Newark, Brunswick, Princeton, and the principal villages of New Jersey.

As the Eagle Course has now every advantage that can be wished, far greater inducements will hereafter be offered on it, each Spring and Fall, than has heretofore been on any Course North of Louisiana.

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 9, 1838.—[n10] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

P.S. The time of the Philadelphia and Camden Races has not yet been announced, but they will unquestionably take place on the week following Baltimore Races as usual. In case they should not take place at that time, but at a later date, the meeting at the Eagle Course will commence on Tuesday, May 21st, instead of the Tuesday following Philadelphia and Camden Races.

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Mulberry Course, Fredericksburg, Va., Spring Meeting 1839.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race to name and close 10th April. Now 4 subs., viz.:

John S. Corbin, | Col. John C. Gibson,
Wm. McCargo | Maj. Thos. Doswell.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Two mile heats, 4 or more to make a race; to name and close as above. Now 2 subs.:

Wm. McCargo, | John S. Corbin.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries in the above stakes will please direct to Mr. T. H. RAMSEY, Fredericksburg, Va.

☞ The *Regular Spring Races* will commence on Tuesday, 1st May.

[m2] WM. McCARGO

CHARLES KEMBLE.

THIS superior Stallion will stand the present season at Chester Town and Centreville Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence at Chester Town, on the 4th March, and he will stand one week at each place throughout the season.

Pedigree of Charles Kemble.—He was got by Sir Archy, out of the celebrated mare Maria, by Gallatin; her dam by Simms Wildair—grandam by Imp. Traveller, out of an imported mare. [See Turf Register, vol. 4, page 428.]

Performances.—Charles Kemble has won at the Union Course, L. I., Washington City, Baltimore, Md., Trenton, and Fairfield, Va.—beating some of the best horses in the United States, viz.: Black Maria, Alice Grey, Henry Archer, Hunslap, Agility, Azalia, Prince George, Dolly Dixon, Lady Nashville, Powhattan, Robin Hood, Blue Streak, Mary Lee, Alp, Sally Eubanks, Jesse, Rosalie Somers, Adjutant, Dick Beasley, Maid of the Neck, &c. &c.—running all distances, from One to Four mile heats, in extraordinary good time.

Philadelphia, Feb. 22, 1839.—[F23] JOSEPH H. HELLINGS.

PLAQUEMINE (La.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the Plaquemine Jockey Club Course, will commence on the third Wednesday of April, and continue four days, as the four mile day will be omitted at this meeting by a resolution of the Club. The following will be the order of the purses:—

First day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Third day—Creole Purse $200, Mile heats.
Fourth day—For the entrance money of the previous days, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

[F9] WM. B. ROBERTSON, Jr., Secretary

MILLEDGEVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the Milledgeville Course, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d April, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race, to close 1st March. Now 2 subs., viz:—

Col. G. Edmonson, | T. Vanlandingham.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close 1st March.

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Third day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $700, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $250, h. ft., Two mile heats, to which will be added the *Young Plate*, valued at $1000. Closed with 5 subs., viz:—

Iverson & Bonner, | Kenan & Vanlandingham, | Col. Wm. McCargo.
Col. G. Edmonson, | Lewis Lovell,

Milledgeville, Feb. 5, 1839.—[F16-tf.] H. F. YOUNG & Co., Proprietors.

GREENSBOROUGH, (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER the Henry Course, will commence on the 1st Tuesday, 7th May next, for the following purses:—

First day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Cluq Purse $400, Three mile heats.

TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, Proprietors.

Greensborough, Dec. 26, 1838.—[J19]

GLOBE HOTEL,

NO. 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—F. BLANCARD informs his friends and the public, that he will remove his establishment on the first of April next, to the new and elegant granite mansion No. 66 Broadway, directly opposite his present residence, which has been recently erected, and purposely calculated for his style of accommodations, where families and single gentlemen may have elegant apartments, furnished in any style suited to their taste and convenience, with the best servants always in attendance. Extensive bath rooms are attached on New-street, which will be open at all convenient hours in the day and evening.

In this establishment there will be a Restaurant, where the best provisions of the markets will be served up at all times in the most approved and fashionable style of French and English cookery, and a Table d'Hote at 5 o'clock, for the accommodation of families and strangers who may prefer that mode of dining.

His cellar will be stored with a great variety of choice wines, which will be furnished at reasonable prices.

This establishment, being within two minutes walk of Wall street, and the principal public offices, also the Battery, which is the most airy and beautiful walk in the city, is a desirable residence for families, or gentlemen of leisure or business.

Grateful for the liberal patronage which the public have been pleased to bestow, the subscriber respectfully solicits a continuance of their favors.

[m16-3t.] F. BLANCARD.

ENTERTAINMENT.

THE Subscriber begs leave to notify the public that he has taken the House in Winnsboro', Ga., formerly kept as a House of Entertainment by Hugh Barkley, and pledges himself to use his best exertions to maintain for it the reputation which it had in Mr. Barkley's time. He hopes for a liberal share of public patronage, as he will endeavor to deserve it, by his exertions to satisfy the public, in the arrangements both of the house and the stables.

J. F. GAMBLE.

☞ This House will hereafter be known as the "Eagle Hotel." [m16-5t.]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

NO. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient, and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For the accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-tf.]

Play Bills for the Week.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, March 23—Will be performed the opera of the MARRIAGE OF FIGARO; Count Almaviva, Mr. WILSON; Cherubino, Mrs. BAILEY; Figaro, Mr. SEGUIN; Antonio, Mr. LATHAM; Countess Almaviva, Mrs. SEGUIN; Susanna, Miss SHIRREFF. To conclude with LAFITTE.

MONDAY, March 25.—For the benefit of Mr. MITCHELL, (Stage Manager,) on which occasion the whole of the celebrated performers now at the theatre have volunteered their valuable aid. The entertainments to commence with the MARRIAGE OF FIGARO; Count Almaviva, Mr. WILSON: Cherubino, Mrs. BAILEY; Figaro, Mr. SEGUIN; Antonio, Mr. LATHAM; Countess Almaviva, Mrs. SEGUIN; Suzanna, Miss SHIRREFF. During the evening, the celebrated Laughing Perzetto, by Massa MITCHELL, Massa BLAKELY, and Massa BALDOCK. To conclude with (for this night only,) the farce of the POOR SOLDIER; with the following powerful cast:—Patrick, Mr. WILSON; Dermot, Mr. SEGUIN; Darby, Mr. MITCHELL; Nora, Miss SHIRREFF; Kathlane, Mrs. BAILEY.

TUESDAY, March 26.—A popular opera, with other entertainments, in which the vocalists will appear, being the last night but two of their engagement.

WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, an opera, in which the above vocalists will appear.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, March 23.—Mr. FLYNN'S BENEFIT; last night but two of the engagement of Mrs. GIBBS; MAINE QUESTION—LAST OF THE MOHICANS—and the FOUR SISTERS; Mr. Flynn in four characters.

MONDAY, March 25.—Last night but one of Mrs. GIBBS; LAST OF THE MOHICANS—MAINE QUESTION—and THE OLD CLOCK; or, HERE SHE GOES, THERE SHE GOES.

TUESDAY, March 26.—Last night of the engagement of Mrs. GIBBS; THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS—MAINE QUESTION—and THE OLD CLOCK.

WEDNESDAY, March 27.—Benefit and last appearance of Mrs. GIBBS.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—"Lafitte" was brought out here on Monday last, and it speaks loudly for the capabilities of the play, that the principal character was taken by one of the company, and played at the shortest notice, with as much credit as any one could obtain in it. Owing to indisposition, Mr. HAMBLIN could not appear, and Mr. RICHINGS assumed the part of *Lafitte*. The houses have been much as they would have been had "the great KNOWN" himself been able to go on. Mr. HACKETT, on Wednesday evening, we did not see, so that the impressions produced upon us by this week's entertainment at the Park have not been so strong as to urge us to extend this article.

A benefit is to be given at this theatre this evening to Mr. JOHN EVERS, the very worthy and clever painter to the establishment. He has been connected with the Park for more than twenty years, and his face is familiar to all the "old hands." During this long period of service, Mr. Evers has given entire satisfaction to the public, and as this is the first time his name has ever been put up for a benefit, we sincerely hope he may receive a bumper. No one deserves a more substantial one, for his assiduity in his profession, and the amenity of his manners.

The National.—It is rare that we have to make up such a record as we are now commencing,—a great opera has been produced at the National, cast with unexampled strength, and we not there to listen! Mrs. SEGUIN, Mrs. BAILEY, and Miss SHIRREFF, with Messrs. SEGUIN, WILSON, and LATHAM, were all cast in the "Marriage of Figaro" for Tuesday evening, and the announcement of such attraction had scarcely been made, before every seat in the house was secured,—we could find no eligible one, although application was made early on Monday morning. How much we thereby lost it is impossible to tell, for every playgoer we have met, who was present on the occasion, describes it as full of interest. To hear such an opera well performed at any time, is the richest treat imaginable, but there were circumstances of a personal nature to render its representation on Tuesday particularly interesting. Mrs. Seguin and Miss Shirreff being brought out together, an opportunity was afforded for making a direct comparison between the two, and their musical powers and accomplishments. It has all along been believed by many, that justice had hardly been rendered to Mrs. Seguin, either by the management in getting up operas for her, or by that portion of the press naturally disposed to aid the National. If any individual had before chosen to distrust his own ears, and rely upon the newspapers for his estimate of the merits of the two vocalists, he needed only to be present on Tuesday evening, to have his original sentiments confirmed. So say those playgoers whom we have seen, and we are ready to believe them. Mrs. Seguin's triumph was not a moment doubtful, and she is pronounced as far superior to her rival as a musician, as she may fall below her as an actress.

Now that all the available musical talent of the city has been brought into actual service by Mr. WALLACK, we may look for new operas, well brought out and well sustained; the "Siege of Belgrade" (see our play bill) is announced for Monday next. We have now confident hopes of being able to hear again "La Gazza Ladra" and "La Dame Blanche." The complete victory achieved by the National over the Park in canvassing for the patronage of the wealthy and fashionable, should be acknowledged by some worthy effort on the part of the management, the effects of which may be felt upon the character of the house, long after the excitement on merely pecuniary grounds has subsided. It will be well worth the while, too, of the musical amateurs to commemorate Mr. Wallack's success, repay his exertions, and urge him to renewed enterprise, whenever he may put up his name for benefit. There is ample reason, indeed, for a more decided display of good feeling and good wishes.

The past season is full of good auguries for the year to come. Nothing can redeem the fortunes of the Park but brilliant engagements abroad; Wallack is not the man to yield the field in the first flush of his triumph, and we soon expect to hear of him abroad, securing the services of this or that great star for the coming year. Opera and the ballet should form the chief features in his arrangements for the next, for it is almost inevitable that that house will make the most money next season, which shall secure the most admirable vocalists, the most charming Bayadere.

Miss CLIFTON, we were pained to learn by letters dated the 9th inst., was lying dangerously ill at Mobile. Later dates have since been received, and from their silence we augur favorably for the health of this distinguished actress. Her detention must in any event seriously incommode managers at the North in their spring arrangements. Miss C. was expected in town to play an engagement in the course of this month, but she wlll now scarcely be able to reach New York in time, even should her health permit her to travel.

CARADORI ALLAN has reached New Orleans and is giving a series of brilliant concerts. The editors vie in extolling her delicious voice and exquisite skill. It is devoutly to be wished that with the approaching spring, she would find her way back to New York. It would go far to redeem her great error, for Mr. SIMPSON to bring her out in a new opera, well supported.

Mrs. MCLEAN, by our last accounts. was at Columbus, Ohio, but ere this has probably visited Cincinnati and Louisville. It is difficult to keep trace of the devious windings of all the stars with which the country is filled. Mrs. McLean is reckoned by the *Buckeyes* the best genteel comedy-woman they have seen, and with justice too.

PLUMER and wife are still at New Orleans. One paper scolds because he was not engaged to play the *Unknown* to Augusta's *Bayadere*. He sings that music with great taste.

Some readers may recollect a clever little girl at the National, Miss KNEASS. She has been playing at the Marshall Theatre, at Richmond, such parts as *Actress of all Works*, *Little Pickle*, *Albert*, in "William Tell," and even *Virginia*, in "Virginius." For a child of twelve, this is hard work, and indicates talent. The Richmond papers speak with approbation of her efforts.

There are two theatres at Houston, Texas, in constant operation. They receive their supply of stars from New Orleans, and those who have ventured into *terra incognita* have made money. We shall soon engage a theatrical reporter for that capital. Seriously, it is astounding that in a land where till but yesterday, all was a wilderness, a city should have been erected, with inhabitants to support two theatres.

JOHN SEFTON has been on to Baltimore starring it. In an engagement of twelve nights, he played *Jemmy Twitcher* eight times. It takes John! How he could play *the artful* in "Oliver Twist." It would be no bad idea for JOHNSON to let him make a trial of it at the Park. By the way, that character has made a distinguished man of Johnson, for we notice, in Wall street, large lithographs of him among other noted actors.

Not a word of Mr. SHALES, the Boston star, since our last. We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of a lock of his hair, in acknowledgment of our notice of his benefit last week.

The BEDOUINS are in New Orleans, and a quizzical editor thus urges one of them to attempt a higher range of business:

Why cannot the Bedouin Arab, who does the second best feats at the Camp, give us an Arabian comic song in addition to his other performances. He has an excellent *squealetto* voice, and appears to have no small fund of humor.

Mr. GEORGE JONES and his Lady are playing at Petersburgh, Va. by the last accounts. They unite great industry with cleverness and enterprise, and Madam has much beauty withal—a fine face and person for the stage. Is she never again to play in New York? The only fault we have to find with her husband of late, is that he spells Macbeth with a K—thus, "Mackbeth." We know of but one atrocity to parallel this.—Gen. Morris, who lives just down our street, and edits the Mirror, with a ferocity derived from long service in the militia, murthers the queen's English w*ea*kly, by writing "Kurbstone' for Curbstone! When a court-martial shall be summoned upon this extraordinary depravity of conduct, we hope to be named Judge Advocate. Then ye scribes, look ye to your pot-hooks and trammels, for every mother's son of you that indulges in so unnecessary an appendage to words, decent and comely but for this interesting letter, will be doomed to some terrific torture, at the very least to read a defence of each other's orthography.

It will in time, there is little doubt, occur to the Park management, that they are not now on the high road to fortune. They have had the benefit of our ideas on this subject, and we now add a paragraph from the "New Era," full of sense and meaning. Would all the daily press express their true opinions, we should soon hear little of *Lafitte*, *Old Clocks*, or *Hamblins*, out of the Bowery.

PARK THEATRE.—The boards of this theatre, which have hitherto sustained a *legitimate* reputation, have been for some weeks desecrated by exhibitions, fostered either by the policy or bad taste of the manager. Whatever motive may have ministered to their production, Mr. Simpson must yet discover that however they may replenish his coffers for the moment, it is to the detriment of the character and standing which his theatre has acquired and enjoyed.—The principle which, during Mr. Hamblin's engagement, has been carried out in the management of this establishment, must, if persisted in, ultimately reduce this pretended *Drury* to a level with its melo-dramatic rival, the Bowery; and the manager, who consults merely the purposes of his treasury, and sports with public taste, may find too late that appetite may be palled, and that patronage may exhibit caprice. The Park has in truth descended from the eminence it has occupied, and the manager has by this *ruse* compromised the dignity, and the legitimacy which contributed to its elevation.—We express our sentiments merely as "lookers on" things theatrical, at the same time not sufficiently vain to imagine that any observations of ours can operate toward the subversion of the present system, or the restoration of the old *regime*.

AUGUSTA AS "LA SYLPHIDE,"

SUGGESTED BY THE ENGRAVING IN THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A form elastic, pure and bright,
That bursts upon the aching sight,
Like some embodied beam of light,
The lovely Sylph appears.
A summer's dream, an airy form,
By sunshine steeped in colors warm,
Born like the rainbow of the storm,
To smile away our tears.
Art thou of earth, romantic vision,
Or art thou sprung of realm-Elysian,
An actual spirit, kindly sent,
A wanderer from thine element,
Thy far, ethereal, sunny sphere,
To glad benighted wanderers here?
We own thy influence, and we bless
Thy rare and wondrous loveliness:
It lifts us from the dross of earth,
To view thy charms, and know thy worth.
Thou call'st to mind the smiles and tears,
The visions of our early years,
When, free from sins to be forgiven,
We dreamed of fairy-land and heaven.
And all our fancy's gay delights
Were stolen from the Arabian nights:
For then, such lovely forms as thine
Made even our boyish dreams divine;
When sick of books, or tired of play,
Oblivion crowned the busy day.

"Let music breathe her saddest tone,
And mourn the lovely sylph that's gone;
In vain ye deck the mimic scene,
For where is she, your fairy queen?
In vain ye twine the mazy dance—
Where is her beaming countenance,
Her "arrowy rush," her footsteps fleet,
The twinkle of her noiseless feet?
Break off the dance, for where is she,
The beautiful Terpsichore?
Where is the fairest of the fair,
The ever-charming Bayadere?
If at a wish she could appear,
The Mountain Sylph again were here."

The artist heard the general cry—
The task was hard—he could but try—
And o'er his task, if he should fail,
Oblivion dark would drop its veil.
His work is done—his toil is o'er
Behold the Mountain Sylph once more!
The glorious sunlight streams askance
Upon her beauteous countenance.
It gilds her pinions with its glow,
And kisses her celestial brow,
And warms the buoyant shape where vie
Pure loveliness and modesty.
The "counterfeit presentment" seems
To realize our fondest dreams.
'Tis she—AUGUSTA, loved and prized,
With every charm etherialized.

BROOKLINE.

The Rachel mania has already extended beyond the capital of *la Belle France*, caps a la Rachel are now worn in New York. Every particular of the fortunes of the beautiful Jewess assumes additional interest with this extension of her iufluence—the mightiest perhaps which a woman should wield—determining the size, the shape, and the color of caps. The Foreign correspondent of the New York American writes thus of this valiant lady.

"But a new star has suddenly risen in the *Theatre Francais*, which already pales that of the "Goddess of Comedy." For the ten weeks past, the trumpets of theatrical fame have sounded with unexampled flourish and blast, the name of Md'lle Rachel, an unlettered girl of seventeen, who has resuscitated Corneille and Racine; achieved a complete "dramatic re-action," dethroned the modern romantic school to reinstate the old French classic potentates. She has, indeed, worked prodigies. In the parts of the principal heroines of Corneille and Racine, she exercises a magnetism on the Parisian public, beyond what is remembered of Md'lle Clairon or the immortal Talma. Never had there been so vehement an anxiety and struggle for seats in the Theatre Francais. Though I applied, each time, the day before her performance, I failed in three attempts to procure one. Every place was pre-engaged "from the floor to the ceiling." King Louis Philippe and the rest of the Royal family repaired to their box to judge of the phenomenon. She was on his passage as he was leaving the house, and received from him the most flattering compliments on her proficiency, and his thanks for the restoration of the classic and only true models of dramatic composition. He has sent her a gratuity of a thousand francs. Besides, an annuity for life of eight thousand has been assigned to her out of the general fund of the company. Her fortune is already assured upon the largest scale, by her brilliant renown.

She is a plain girl of the middle size; rather light in form; brown in complexion; handsome in no respect; without particular force or sweetness of voice or grace and efficacy of gesture. But she recites the fine verses of the great masters with instinctive intelligence and a simple, precise, sustained enunciation. She succeeds eminently by natural and energetic bursts of passion, conformable to the design and sbope of the impassioned passages and situations. In the soft and pathetic, she fails. She is not developed in the physique, nor competently trained in the morale, for a superior personation throughout of such characters as *Hermione* and *Monime*. I give you my own impression and those of experienced amateurs. Some of the old French stagers shake their heads, and predict that the public engouement (infatuation) will not last a year. But the girl, if not inspired, is highly gifted in feeling, apprehension, and enthusiasm, and will gradually form herself to the highest standard, if she can preserve long enough the favor of the Parisiens—that is, keep the field. Her private manners are much more refined than her origin. She has two brothers, one eleven, the other nine years old, who manifest the same theatrical faculties and propensities, and are in training in one of the minor and half private salles de spectacle. I add an outline of the received biography of the female prodigy.

Mademoiselle Rachel was only three years ago, a little girl who gained a scanty subsistence by singing on the Boulevards of Paris: her family are quite poor; her father is a Jew, who sells bobbins in one of the Halls. She had not always enough bread to keep herself from starving.

To the same paper we are indebted for the following amusing notice of Md'lle. Mars, hitherto the rage with Parisian play-goers. The Foreign correspondence of the paper from which we select is singularly interesting and valuable. It dates from all parts of the world, and is the medium through which minds of the highest order are communicating with the American public. Literature, the stage, politics and history, are the themes which by turns are therein discussed. From a letter devoted to Literary Gossip, we now proceed to quote; the subject in hand is a new comedy called "La Popularite" from the pen of tho poet, CASIMER DELAVIGNE. After a slight sketch of the plot, the letter-writer proceeds:—

"The Journals, of whatever party complexion, concur in paying tribute to the rationality of the maxims and counsels, the chasteness of the text, and the rare metrical finish throughout the piece. In every particular, it forms the broadest contrast with Hugo's Ruy Blas. At the first performance a man in the pit cried out—"*Ah how well he preaches!*" There is one point, however, which offends many critics, and has caused La Popularite to be "damned with faint praise" by some Opposition Journals—its drift is in favor of the Louis Philippe monarchy. "The dramatic censors," observes one writer, "must have kissed the manuscript with respect and fondness; the palace must have been overjoyed at so elegant an offering." Members of the Royal family and Cabinet Ministers appeared in their boxes, to lend an attentive ear and join in the general plaudits. It was soon announced, in the Ministerial papers, that the author had dined with the King; and it is rumored that he is to be seated in the Chamber of Peers. Six representations have not lessened the throng at the theatre; the nature of the piece, however, admits only *un succes de vogue*; the *succes d' enthousiasme* appertains to the melo-dramas, to the new operas, and to Mademoiselle Rachel, in spite of her real homeliness, and of the endless lithographic portraits in which, universally, she is *furieusement laide*. Casimir Delavigne has undertaken to write a tragedy for her expressly. He has received eight thousand francs for the copy-right of the first edition of La Popularite.

All the performers in the new comedy get credit for perfection, save one, and that the very person so recently treated as faultless and incomparable in every part: I mean Mademoiselle Mars, who enacts Lady Strafford, the conspiring and captivating Carlist heroine, the beloved of the young and popular Lord Edward Lindsay, of the Dynastic Opposition. The Parisian public and the critics have discovered, suddenly, that Miss Mars is old; they have actually ventured to proclaim the discovery with the consoling exclamation—"We love you, O ruins!" They have gone so far as to remark that, how resplendent soever her diamonds, there is an attraction which she can never have again—youth. Her reign is over. The plainest of girls, Rachel, the Jewess, has been placed on her throne. The 7th instant, four rogues were tried at the Paris Assizes, for a robbery committed on the paraphernalia of Md'lle Mars at her dwelling. She was called up as a witness—I translate for you, literally, the introductory examination: "Md'lle Mars steps forward before the Court (lively movement of curiosity.) The President, in a most courteous and winning tone,—"You call yourself Miss Mars? Yes sir, Anne-Hippolyte Boutet Mars; artist *societaire* of the French Theatre. Your age, Miss? Forty-five years, sir. In the month of May last a crown was stolen from you? Yes sir. That crown was of gold? Yes sir, of gold, I believe, or of silver gilt; but it had no material value except in the workmanship. It was an homage to your dramatic triumphs? Yes, sir, each of the great parts which I played, was designated on one of the leaves of laurel," &c As soon as she had given her testimony, she withdrew, and with her, the greater part of the spectators, consisting of a multitude of lawyers in their gowns, old actresses, ladies of fashion in their most elegant dresses, dandies and dignataries: "all," says the Reporter, "attracted to the court by the renown of the illustrious comedian, as a similar crowd was, in 1829, when she came to depose about the robbery of her diamonds to the amount, in price of one hundred and fifty thousand francs, and as if the tribunal had to try one of those grand crimes which specially attract spectators of distinguished rank."

The same Reporter adds, with all seriousness and sincerity— without the least imagination of hyperbole or burlesque—"This was quite an ordinary case of theft; nothing remarkable was to be disclosed; but the principal witness, the first witness, was to be Md'lle Mars; she was to appear for a few moments only and to utter only a few words; but that is enough to account for the rush of fashion, and the impatient eagerness of the overflowing hall."

You must be convinced by these details that the popular actresses are divinities every where in Paris, even before and for the Bench of the Assizes. Notwithstanding the universal worship and sympathy, a general titter, or more, an absolute laugh followed the lady's declaration of her age—forty-five! Every auditor knew—the whole French or Continental world knows—that Mademoiselle has lived, child and woman, sixty years and upwards. Perhaps she dated from the epoch of her theatrical birth! I saw her, thirty-one twelvemonths ago, playing all her great characters, with a maturity of form and powers that warranted the presumption of thirty, though she could admirably personate all the stages between the teens and that round number. A bystander in court whispered that she could look rather young for sixty, but positively looked very old for forty-five.

The Pagan savages are related to jeer at their fallen idols; so the unchristian wits of the Paris press, now that Miss Mars has been superannuated by the theatrical critics, for her favorite characters, make merry with her substitution of a calender so far short of the parish register. It is said that the Police have advised her to lay aside a portion of the dazzling jewels which she wears as Lady Strafford; the rogues who rendezvous in the theatre being too strongly tempted by them, and even her life being thus endangered. It is subjoined, in some of the newspapers, that the diamonds make new conquests for her,—give her a new host of admirers, whose lot it may be to wear her chains a very long time—in the galleys. The political murmurers at the design of La Popularite aver that the said diamonds are the most brilliant things in the comedy, and that, if Lady Strafford should not folow the advice of the Police, she will be obliged, every year, to tell her age in a court—*decliner son age*. The dealers in trinkets and precious stones grow enormously rich in Paris. Independently of the immensity of their business, I better understand how, since I read the testimony on the trial above mentioved, of the artist who made the stolen crown of the actress. He sold it for three thousand francs to the gallant adorers from whom she received the tribute; and when asked by the chief judge of the court, what was its intrinsic value, he answered, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred francs—*la facon et la ciselure en faisaient tout le prix*. I presume that this instance of *opus superabat materiam*, is an ordinary sample of the trade.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 2d of March, 1839, enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 2) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

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